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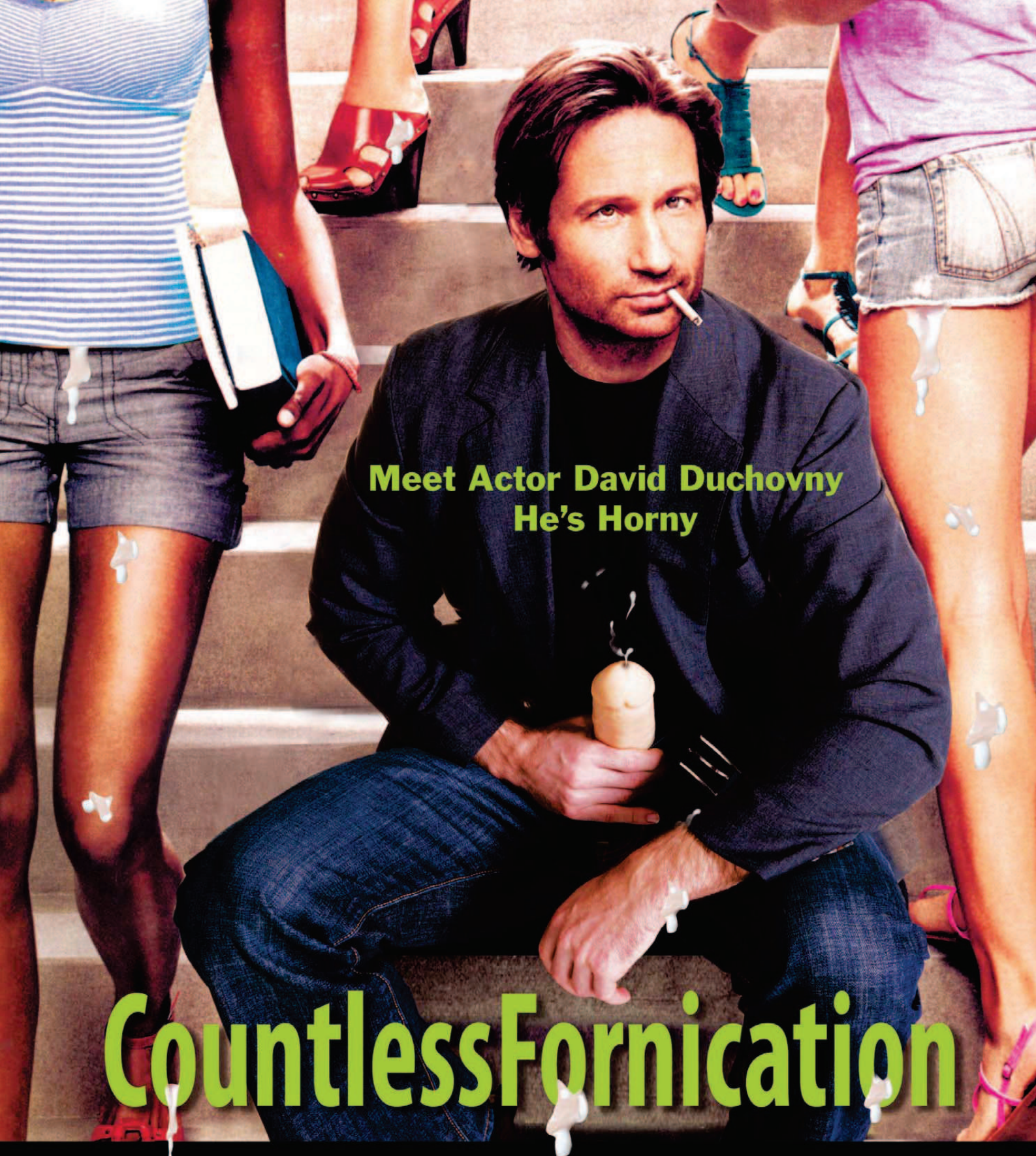

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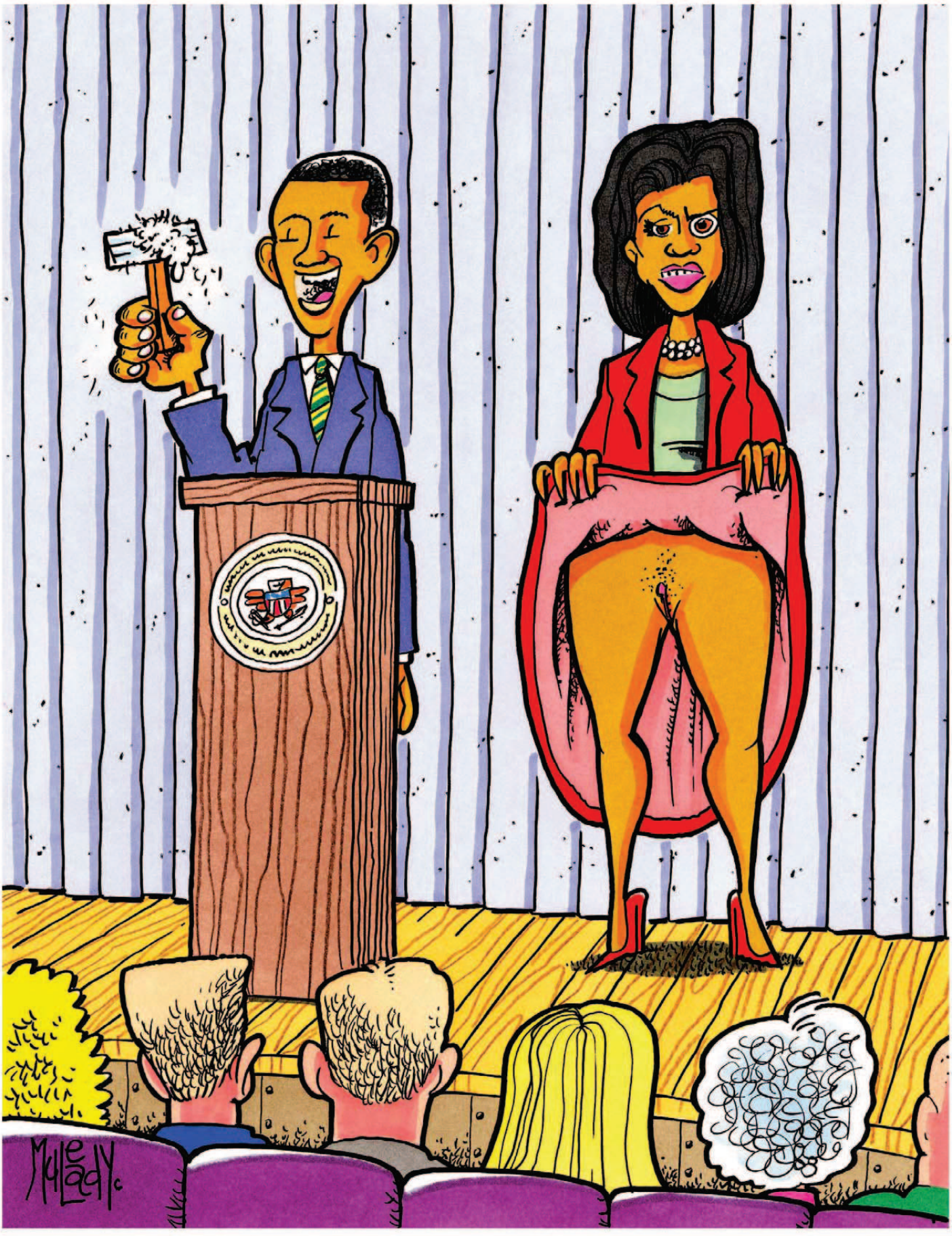
FOLLOWING THE SEASON PREMIERE OF *INSIDE TIGER WOODS*

HUSTLER Parody: This is not a real ad. It's commentary on how the former *X Files* star can't get enough sex. Even though he's married to superhot piece of ass Téa Leoni and gets to have a ton of "simulated" sex on his show, he's still trying to bang everything in sight. Which made him our hero until he got caught and is now in sex addiction rehab…again! Now he just looks like a dick.



"The American people said they didn't want a Bush in the White House, so I'm here to say, 'Mission accomplished!'"

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LARRY FLYNT'S
FLAGSHIP MAGAZINE SINCE 1974

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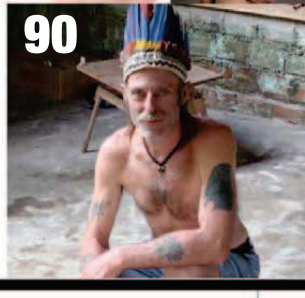

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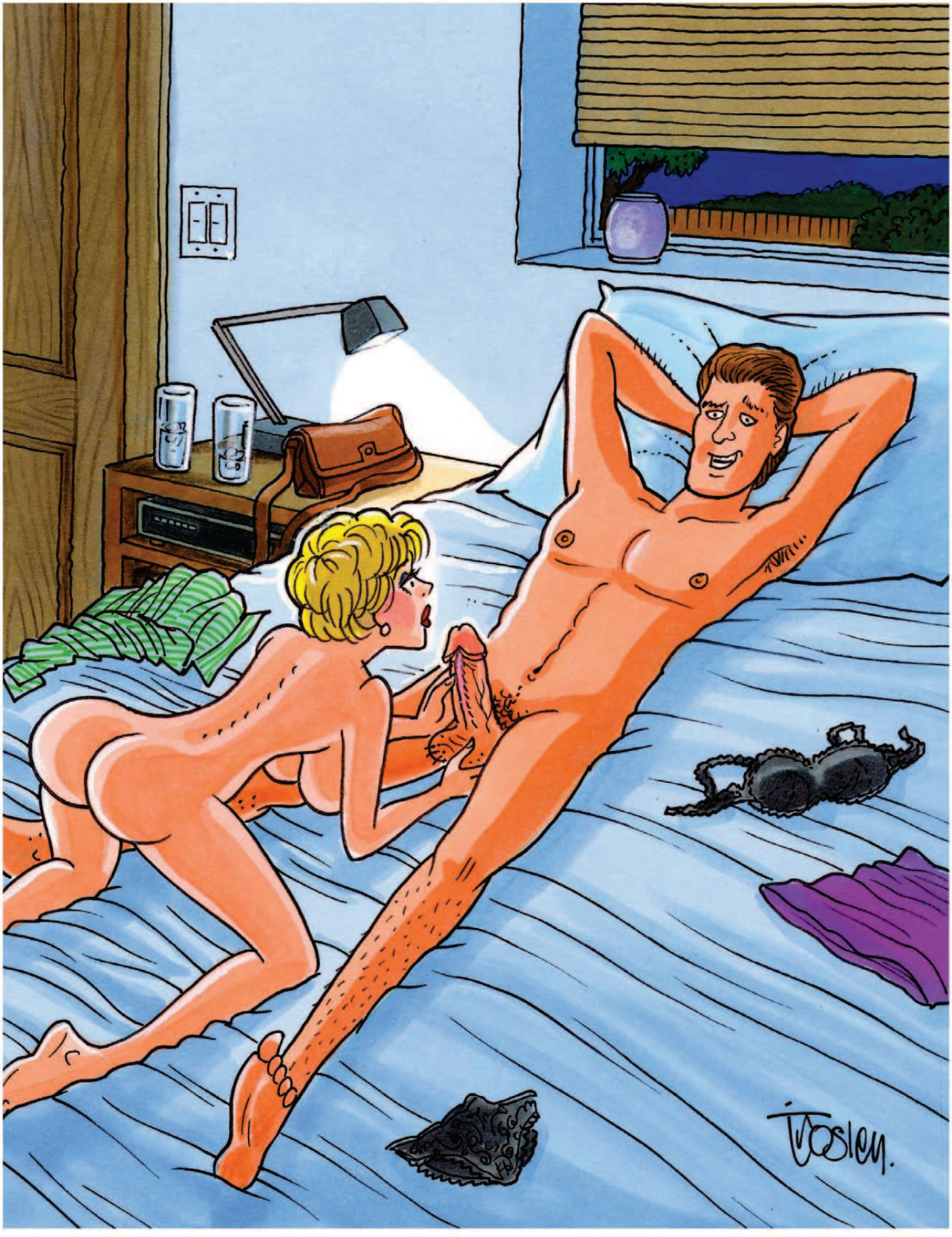
CAMPAIGN FINANCE REFORM

There's only one way to eliminate the corruption that has cast its dark shadow over America's political system: We must eliminate campaign contributions, which have turned our congressmen and senators into puppets of Big Business.

That means the government, using taxpayer dollars, would finance each candidate's campaign. Only then will we be able to return political power to the people. Until we remove the money of the rich and powerful from the electoral process, nothing good will come from our politicians.

Larry Flynt
Publisher



"I like sensuous blowjobs, so maybe you ought to call your office to tell them you won't be in until next week."

WAKE UP!

There are plenty of digital alarm clocks on the market, but only one *talking* alarm clock. The revolutionary **iTalk** is the perfect thing to get your ass out of bed in the morning. You can set the time (even for a specific date) and choose to snooze—all with your voice. The timepiece, which runs on AAA batteries or an AC cord, has a low LED setting and three alarm sounds to start the day. Now get out of bed already!

Available at **Neutrano.com**. Suggested retail price: $49.99.

USE THE FORCE

Thrustmaster has finally come up with the perfect Wii controller for use with any swordplay game: the **Glow Sabre Duo Pack NW**. With the two luminous, high-tech sabers—one red, the other blue—you can battle as a Jedi or Darth Vader. Thanks to a 17-LED lighting system, a bright fight is guaranteed. Powered by three AA batteries, the 17-inch controllers are flexible, lightweight and have rounded edges so you won't poke your eye out. Playing with them will make you look really cool. Not really.

Available at **Thrustmaster.com**. Suggested retail price: $34.99.

BRILLIANT BOOB TUBE

Hannspree's **ST251MKB** LCD TV is more than your average television; it's a magical box. Seriously, this 25-inch unit boasts 1080p HD resolution that provides unbelievably breathtaking image detail and picture quality. This fully integratable TV can also be used with all of your video sources: over-the-air HD, cable, satellite, Blu-ray, DVD, game systems and more! Plus, if you don't watch TV, the **ST251MKB** makes an awesome computer monitor.

Available at **Costco.com**. Suggested retail price: $269.99.

VIDEO VOYEUR

Looking for a lightweight, highly portable way to capture all the action in vibrant HD?! We mean sports, but you could use the **DXG-125V** all-terrain camcorder to make porn. The splash-proof, shock-proof camera fits in the palm of your hand, making it easy to shoot true HD video and still images no matter where you are. Besides an HDMI slot for playback on a plasma or HD television, the **DXG-125V** features a built-in compass, carabiner and MP3 player. You know what you really want to do is direct a sex tape, so get this camera! What do you mean you're broke and the economy sucks? Okay, fine. See details below, and you could win one.

Available at **DXGusa.com**. Suggested retail price: $139.99.

TIME TO GET SOME ACTION WITH YOUR NEW CAMCORDER!

Calling all amateur porn directors. Your HD camcorder is here! For your chance to win a **DXG-125V HD**, just fill out the form below (or a photocopy, or put your name, home address, e-mail address, signature and survey choices on a postcard) and send it to DXG HD Camcorder Giveaway c/o HUSTLER, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211 or e-mail info to HUSTLER@LFP.com.

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BY KEITH VALCOURT

DIRTY DUNGEONS & DRAGONS

Dragon Age: Origins

EA

PS3, Xbox 360, PC

We know that this game was created by the team behind *Mass Effect*, giving ***Dragon Age: Origins*** a brilliant, cinematic look. And, yes, we love the over 80 hours of visceral, brutal action and fully immersive, bone-crushing combat. That's all great, but we're going to have to focus on the lustful romances you can enjoy with a seductive shape-shifter (we're talking virtual sex, people!) and a nearly naked female demon who has permanently replaced Lara Croft in our spank bank.

ALIEN AUTOPSY

Dead Space: Extraction

EA/Visceral Games

Wii

The second-greatest Wii game (*MadWorld* is still #1) arrives with a blast of sci-fi horror fury you won't soon forget. A frenetic first-person shooter adventure, ***Dead Space: Extraction*** sends you to deep space, where a horrific infection is ravaging a mining colony and turning everyone into bloodthirsty Necromorph creatures. Only you and a small group of survivors are left to struggle to escape. To do so you'll have to kill an army of undead former colleagues. You can do it. Just don't listen to that voice in your head. It'll only lead to bad things. Very bad things. Remember, in space no one can hear you scream. So stop screaming, sissy man!

DIVINE DESIGN

Divinity II: Ego Draconis

CDV/Laramie Studios

Xbox 360, PC

What is better than a fast-paced action RPG game that thrusts you into a medieval world where you can transform from Dragon Slayer to Dragon Knight and then into an actual dragon? How 'bout one that does it all vertically?! The brilliant ***Divinity II: Ego Draconis*** is sure to be the buzz title of 2010. Trust us. The minute you meet up with your very own zombie sex slave, you'll agree.

CRACK ADDICT

Ratchet & Klank Future: A Crack in Time

Sony

PS3

The latest chapter in the R&K saga sees everyone's favorite intergalactic dynamic duo return with a vengeance. Designed exclusively for the PS3, ***A Crack in Time*** will have fans screaming with joy by concluding stories established in the previous versions—*Tools of Destruction* and *Quest for Booty*. Using special time manipulations, players can control both characters and soar to new heights to save the universe.

Joe Lieberman
A Politician's Politician

REPRESENTING CORPORATIONS IN A DEMOCRATIC INSTITUTION CAN BE AWKWARD, INDEED.

It is perhaps not new to note that the most important attribute of a successful politician is apparently the ability to keep a straight face while hypocritically posturing as the exact opposite of what you truly are. Nevertheless, we would be remiss if we didn't stop and take a moment to honor those who go above and beyond run-of-the-mill snowjobbery to become the Tiger Woods, if you will, of shameless bullshit.

In this spirit, we bring you Joe Lieberman, the most pompous of pompous asses. While the Liebster, a former Democrat and current "independent" senator from the Great Insurance Company of Connecticut, has a long history of claiming the high ground while standing in a mud pit, he really outdid himself during the healthcare wars this winter, for which he deserves a place in the Big Fat Phonies Hall of Fame.

While Gore's pick to be our nation's Vice President was rightly pilloried in December '09 for suddenly opposing an expansion of Medicare he had righteously championed only three months before, the larger problem with Lieberman and far too many of his peers is their selective citation of "fiscal responsibility" whenever government spending might actually help the American people more than financial firms or military contractors.

To wit: Last fall, Lieberman shamelessly declared he would support a filibuster of any healthcare reform bill that had a public health insurance option—even the version with the "trigger" compromise accepted by Senator Olympia Snowe (R-Maine)—because it might cost money.

"I think that a lot of people may think that the public option is free," Lieberman said. "It's not. It's going to cost the taxpayers and people that have health insurance now; and if it doesn't, it's going to add terribly to our national debt."

This might have been a respectable stance if the publicly pious Lieberman was simply holding to a Ron Paul-like devotion to the free market and small government. Yet this is the guy who has used his effervescent "Joementum" to help steadily run up the national debt since 9/11 by pushing to raise the military budget to its highest level since World War II—a budget inflated by enormous expenditures on high-tech weaponry irrelevant to combating terror.

THIS IS THE GUY WHO HAS USED HIS EFFERVESCENT "JOEMENTUM" TO HELP STEADILY RUN UP THE NATIONAL DEBT SINCE 9/11 BY PUSHING TO RAISE THE MILITARY BUDGET TO ITS HIGHEST LEVEL SINCE WORLD WAR II.

For example, Lieberman has benefitted politically from shameless Cold War-style military pork like the Connecticut-built $2-billion-a-piece nuke subs he claimed were needed to combat al Qaeda, a landlocked enemy holed up in caves!

Ironically, the same week that Lieberman and others in Congress passed a $680-billion defense bill larded with pork of the sort he has always ardently supported, the senator—whose state is also home to insurance companies that are opposed to any consumer-friendly medical coverage alternative—was fretting in that peculiarly whiny cadence of his about the impact of a very limited public option on the debt: "I think my colleagues know for a long time that I've been opposed to a government-created, government-run insurance company."

It is too bad Willy Wonka isn't in charge of the Senate, or such ridiculous duplicity would no doubt be dealt with in suitably frightening, if colorful, fashion. Perhaps Lieberman's head would blow up to the size of a dirigible, and he would float away—or his chewing gum would seal his lips together, and he would never be able to lie again. For how can he square such an absolutist and libertarian position with his career-long support for the massive government-run insurance programs Medicare and Social Security?

Even worse is Lieberman's rejection of a modest expansion of the social safety net to a few million uninsured Americans with his ironclad support for the recent unprecedented government bailout of troubled banking and insurance companies that tripled the 2009 federal deficit to $1.4 trillion. Oh, the twisted web he weaves: For is AIG not now a "government-run insurance company," and doesn't the $185 billion of taxpayer money tossed at that sorry enterprise add up to more than twice the yearly cost of the health reform package? And that's without considering the trillions of tax dollars put into play to shore up Citigroup, Bank of America, GM, Chrysler and those other suddenly socialized sectors of American corporate life.

If a scant public choice in healthcare is so threatening to our way of life, because healthcare alone must be kept a pristine captive of the most destructive impulses of an unbridled free market, then why not privatize Medicare as well as the publicly financed healthcare programs for government workers—including those in Congress (like Lieberman), veterans and the active military?

And while we're at it, why not revive that Republican fantasy, popular in their ranks just a few years ago, of privatizing Social Security by turning the most effective government program over to the vagaries of the stock market?

No, it is not possible to feel anything but loathing for those like Joe Lieberman who—in support of Big Business—vote for every big government program no matter how wasteful, but draw the line at a program designed to cut medical costs for the ordinary citizens they have been sworn to serve.

Before serving 30 years as a columnist for the *Los Angeles Times*, Robert Scheer spent the late 1960s as Vietnam correspondent, managing editor and editor in chief of *Ramparts* magazine. Now editor of **TruthDig.com**, Scheer has written such hard-hitting books as *The Pornography of Power: How Defense Hawks Hijacked 9/11 and Weakened America* and his latest, *The Great American Stick-Up: Greedy Bankers and the Politicians Who Love Them.*

"Obama can't snag the 2016 Olympics for America; Limbaugh can't buy the St. Louis Rams. What a pathetic bunch of fucking losers we got running this country!"

ALL OF US EQUAL UNDER THE LAW? NO MORE!

THE FEDERAL GOVERNMENT'S NEW ANSWER TO HATE CRIMES STRIKES A HORRIFYING BLOW AT BASIC TENETS OF THE CONSTITUTION.

In October 2009, when President Obama enthusiastically signed into law the Hate Crimes Prevention Act—which had passed the House and Senate overwhelmingly—there were cheers from the American Civil Liberties Union, the Anti-Defamation League, the National Gay and Lesbian Task Force and People for the American Way.

Missing in all the hosannas from these organizations was the cold fact that this hate-crimes statute mandating extra prison time for acts of bodily harm against certain protected classes of Americans violates the Constitution in three fundamental sections: the 14th Amendment's "equal protection of the laws" for each individual American; the Fifth Amendment's double jeopardy clause, which prevents anyone from being tried twice for the very same crime; and the First Amendment's rights of free speech and thought.

How could this triple contempt of the Constitution be greeted with applause? See for yourself in what follows: Forty-five states already have hate-crime laws that apply to specially protected classes of race, color, religion or national origin, but the new statute expands all previous federal laws by providing extra punishment for serious bodily crimes motivated by a "victim's actual or perceived gender; sexual orientation; gender identity, including transgender; and disability."

That means if sentencing guidelines for the commission of a violent crime ordinarily mandate eight to ten years in prison, the convicted perpetrator of a hate crime against a member of the protected classes can be locked up for five to seven additional years.

College of Charleston mathematics professor Herb Silverman, founder of the Secular Coalition for America, puts it as plainly as can be: "A crime is a crime regardless of the victim's race, color, religion, national origin or sexual orientation."

Silverman adds what President Obama, a former professor of Constitutional law, totally ignored: "A murdered white, heterosexual male is not less dead than a Hispanic, gay Christian."

But should the convicted murderer of a white heterosexual get a lesser sentence than if he had killed a Hispanic, gay Christian? The answer is the 14th Amendment to the Constitution, which guarantees for "All persons born or naturalized in the United States [that] no State (or the Federal government) shall deprive any person of life, liberty or property, without due process of law; *nor deny to any person...the equal protection of the laws.*"

SHOULD THE CONVICTED MURDERER OF A WHITE HETEROSEXUAL GET A LESSER SENTENCE THAN IF HE HAD KILLED A HISPANIC, GAY CHRISTIAN?

This new Hate Crimes Prevention Act also discards the clear rule of American law cited in the Fifth Amendment: "nor shall any person be subject for the same offense to be *twice put in jeopardy* of life or limb."

Most hate-crime prosecutions will still be initiated in the 45 respective states that already have applicable laws. But under the Hate Crimes Prevention Act of 2009, if a federal prosecutor decides that a state court prosecuting an individual for a hate crime has been incompetent, indifferent or not serious enough, the case can then be transferred *for the same crime* into a federal court. That's *double jeopardy!*

In the October 24, 2009, edition of the *Washington Examiner*, attorney Hans Bader explained the real-life dangers of double jeopardy: "When the government reprosecutes someone, it gains an enormous tactical advantage over the defendant from using the prior prosecution as a test-run, even if the defendant is innocent—making a guilty verdict possible even if the defendant is in fact innocent."

Having reported on a number of state hate-crime prosecutions over the years, I've seen a defendant's First Amendment right of free speech also twisted against him in a trial. For example, the prosecutor calls a witness who has heard a defendant using prejudicial, racial or religious comments at a bar some years earlier.

Such raw offenses against the Constitution are chronicled in *Hate Crimes: Law & Identity Politics* (Oxford University Press) by New York University law professor James Jacobs and researcher Kimberly Potter. Their definitive book demonstrates how "a hate-crime trial may become a wide-ranging inquiry into the defendant's character, values and beliefs."

Nonetheless, when Obama triumphantly signed into law the new Hate Crimes Prevention Act, Michael Keegan—president of People for the American Way—actually declared, "This is a major step towards ensuring equality under the law for all people." Not all.

As evidenced by a glowing editorial titled "Civil Rights Advance" (October 28, 2009), the *Washington Post* was also delighted.

Founding Father Thomas Jefferson emphasized that legislation should extend to actions only, not opinion. And let's not forget that James Madison, author of the First Amendment, expressed to Jefferson: "We have extinguished forever the ambitious hope of making laws for the human mind."

Not yet, Mr. Madison. Too many Americans have yet to read the Constitution with reasonable care. And I will never understand how the American Civil Liberties Union's hierarchy can support hate-crime laws in the face of the 14th Amendment, the Fifth Amendment's double jeopardy prohibition and the First Amendment, the rock on which the ACLU was founded.

Nat Hentoff is a historian of the Constitution, a jazz critic and a columnist for the *Village Voice* and *Free Inquiry*. His incisive books include *The First Freedom: The Tumultuous History of Free Speech in America*; *Living the Bill of Rights*; and the forthcoming *Is This America?*

"That's the money I could have saved had I not fucked you 25 years ago."

SMART LIKE A FOX

HOW MEDIA TYCOON RUPERT MURDOCH AND HIS RIGHT-HAND MAN FORGED A NITWIT NETWORK

Man, oh man, does the Left ever hate those assholes at Fox News, whose lies and propaganda ooze from the dreaded News Corporation building on New York's Sixth Avenue. Fox News is so hated, its bigwigs actually felt compelled to erect barricades disguised as planters in front of their headquarters to thwart any potential truck bombers. Since I work next door, I'm regularly assaulted by the tripe emblazoned on a Times Square-like electronic ribbon stretching above the front entrance.

Even worse, the 48-story skyscraper is festooned with giant pictures of Fox News propagandists. All that's missing is a sign saying "Republican Headquarters." Oh, wait! That would be the truth—something the Fox News suits can't wrap their minds around.

The brainchild of Australian publishing mogul Rupert Murdoch launched on October 7, 1996, with a "scant" 10 million households. Murdoch began his takeover of American media by buying the Metromedia TV group plus some major newspapers and magazines. Since you must be a citizen to own broadcast stations in this country, the Aussie got himself a quickie citizenship thanks to Congress.

Allowed to purchase stations, Murdoch quickly gobbled some up to form the Fox TV network. But news was his true passion. Since there was only one all-news network in the United States (CNN), he saw a golden opportunity. Now Murdoch—who already had Sky News, a 24-hour satellite channel in the United Kingdom—would be able to promulgate his right-wing ideology right here in America. That, combined with his love of money and an uncanny ability to prosper from tabloid journalism, made him downright dangerous.

Enter the rotund Roger Ailes. His first big job was executive producer of *The Mike Douglas Show*, where he met Republican Richard Nixon in 1967. Soon thereafter Ailes was brought onboard Nixon's Presidential campaign to handle his television exposure. Bit by the bug, Ailes moved on to political consulting, eventually working for the Ronald Reagan and Daddy Bush campaigns—and largely credited for both GOP candidates' successful runs.

The frosting on Ailes's right-wing cake was executive-producing Rush Limbaugh's now-defunct TV show. Later, Ailes ran CNBC and started up the America's Talking channel (which became MSNBC). Then Murdoch came courting. For the media tycoon this was a match made in his own particular heaven. Ailes has been at Fox News ever since.

Fox News has become the biggest 24-hour news network in the U.S., but it didn't get there just because Americans are gullible. It had more to do with our attraction to bright, shiny objects.

As a professional, I admire Fox's professionalism and psychological craft. The color scheme is punchy, incorporating the iconically patriotic red, white and blue. The anchors' suits are so sharp, you could cut yourself on the creases.

Even so, given the barrage of lies and distortions, I can't watch Fox News for more than three minutes before wanting to throw something at the screen. What stops me from doing so is the network's anchorwomen. There's not an ugly one in the bunch (unless you count Greta Van Susteren), and most of them are actually hot. I'm talking Ilsa She-Wolf of the SS hot. As a lefty, I feel guilty when I get an erection watching them.

Fox's bread and butter isn't its newscasts but the prime-time talk shows. They are what Ailes's old America's Talking wanted to be. Right-wing personalities Bill O'Reilly, Sean Hannity and enfant terrible Glenn Beck darken the nighttime landscape with their demonic presence and falsehoods. Since they're not hosting news programs, the blowhards can distort to their hearts' content so long as their opinions fall in line with those of Murdoch and Ailes. The notable exception to this rule is anchor Shepard Smith, who at times goes counter to his corporate masters.

Fox News' ratings far surpass its nearest competitor, the liberal MSNBC. CNN comes in a distant third.

The problem is that with so large an audience, Fox News holds sway over legions of zombies who believe and repeat all the "facts" it spews out. Since the bullshit artists don't hide their agenda, we can at least keep an eye on them and debunk their lies.

So who should we blame? I blame MSNBC and CNN for not doing a better job. If they weren't so inept at what they do, maybe Fox would be just another cable network.

Recently, while Barack Obama was talking about healthcare reform on various network programs, he refused to appear on the Fox News Channel. When word of the snub got out, Fox's ratings jumped 15%. Ailes should send the President a nice big blowjob for that one.

Alex Bennett is a longtime HUSTLER contributor. The two-time Emmy winner, who broke into broadcasting as a teenager, currently calls Sirius Left 146 his radio home.

"I didn't go bankrupt by losing my house to pay for exorbitant medical bills. I did it the old-fashioned way—by spending all my money on booze, drugs and bitches."

"Oh, I'm in my place all right—directly behind 178 arrogant, worthless Republicans fucking their asses raw!"

The Lesbian I Might Have Been

COCO CHANEL MADE IT CLEAR SHE WANTED TO SEE HOW I LOOKED WHEN NOT WEARING HER FAMOUS DESIGNER DRESS.

As so-called sex symbols go, I confess to being a bit boring when it comes to sex. I've always been a one-guy-at-a-time type of girl—but not necessarily a one-guy-a-night type of girl. For me it's always been straight hetero sex. Exploring lesbianism never held much allure for me, although I find a well-formed female body a real turn-on.

This is not to put it down, girls. I am in favor of whatever makes you happy. To paraphrase the Dalai Lama, if you can't be happy, what good is it?

Over the years many, many women have hit on me, and I have always had to say thanks, but I'll pass. As a young contract player at Universal Studios, there were actresses who were attracted to me, but my innate straightness—coupled with my Lutheran upbringing and the morals clause in my contract—made me shy away from any serious experimentation.

However, when you reach a certain age, it's your prerogative to look back and wonder what might have been.

In the mid-1960s I was in Paris taking a much-needed break after filming a nightmare movie in Yugoslavia. It was a western, *The Sheriff Was a Lady*, with German actor Freddy Quinn. Yugoslavia had been cold, the working hours unbelievably long, Freddy Quinn was too short, and the food sucked.

After holing up in Paris's venerable George V hotel for a couple of days, scarfing buckets of caviar and bottles of champagne, I decided to shop for a new frock. I made the rounds of the major designers' catwalk shows, ending up at the Coco Chanel salon. I loved the first outfit down the runway—an elegant little black dress festooned with feathers—and I wanted to buy it, along with two of Chanel's trademark suits.

The salon's female manager explained that they would take my measurements, make me a new dress and send it to me in five or six weeks. When I said I wanted to buy the actual runway dress because I planned to wear it for an Aqua Velva commercial I was scheduled to do in the States a few days later, she said that under no circumstances could that particular dress be sold.

"Is there anyone here who could make an exception?" I asked.

This being France, where the customer is *never* right, the salon manager frowned. "One moment, mademoiselle," she huffed, walking off.

In a little while she returned with the dress on a hanger, telling me brusquely to try it on. When I emerged from the dressing room she motioned toward the stairs and said, "Madame Chanel would like to meet you, Miss Van Doren."

I was ushered into a small, dark office furnished with antiques. Artfully posed on a small settee, Madame Chanel was wearing a stark black suit and a snowy, white silk blouse set off by cascades of pearls and gold chains. Her lively dark eyes appraised me unblinkingly.

"I understand you like the dress, Mamie," she said. In her husky, deeply accented English my name sounded like "Mah-mee."

"Very much," I replied.

"Come closer."

She extended her right hand, and I took it. The perfumed air of the office grew stronger. "Ah, the dress is lovely on you," she cooed. "But it needs something."

Madame Chanel spoke curtly in French to her manager, who had lingered in the hallway. Then she told me, "We will make up a little hat for you of the same feathers. It will give you more height."

"Then I can have the dress, Madame Chanel?"

"Of course," she purred, slowly releasing my hand. "Call me Coco. Go change and come back here for tea."

Over tea we made small talk. Our knees brushed under the small table. I tried to keep the conversation above the table, but Coco made it clear that below the table was what interested her. "Must you leave for New York so soon?" she asked.

"Yes, I have a commercial to do."

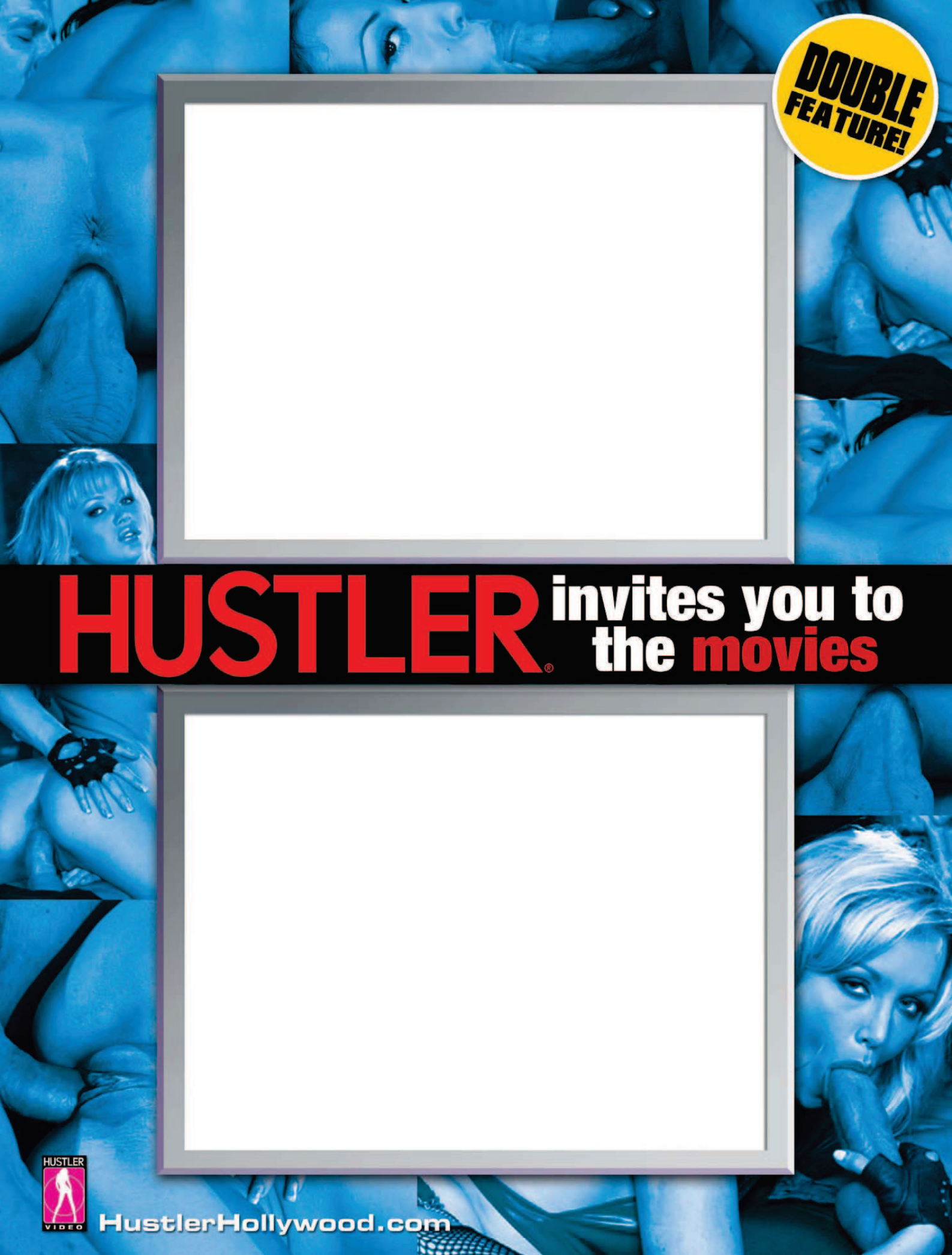
Coco leaned forward, her pearls and gold chains clattering softly, and said, "I have taken the liberty of having one of the suits you ordered made up in a custom pink wool. With your coloring"—she kissed her fingertips expressively—"it will be stunning."

I left Coco's salon with my virtue intact. The black dress and hat, wrapped in tissue paper and boxed in white with the trademark CC logo, was delivered to my hotel the next day. Inside was a handwritten note: "Dearest Mamie, wear these in good health always. Love, C.C."

Six weeks later the two suits arrived, accompanied by matching scarves. For the next year or so I received clothes, shoes and jewelry, always with a note from C.C. Sadly, I never responded.

Today my sense of adventure would not have let me shy away from Coco Chanel's subtle advances. The attraction of a woman with her talent and charisma is as powerful today as it was that afternoon in Paris. And perhaps my own power would have taught her a thing or two.

Mamie Van Doren starred in such "bad girl" films as *Untamed Youth*, *Teacher's Pet* and *High School Confidential*. The zesty 78-year-old wrote the tell-all autobiography *Playing the Field* and continues to chronicle her amazing life at **MamieVanDoren.com**.


DOUBLE FEATURE!
HUSTLER invites you to the movies
HUSTLER VIDEO
HustlerHollywood.com

Sound Off!

I am an infantry Marine deployed in the shithole province of Helmand in southern Afghanistan. I hate writing anonymously, but a military reprimand is one drama I don't need. We are not authorized to have pornographic material on deployment since it might offend the closed-minded locals. (As if I'd share such treasures with them.) But some stuff makes its way to us.

On behalf of my platoon, I want to say fucking thank you! Your magazine is saving our humanity and gives us a taste of home. We have no showers, phones, Internet, hot chow, hot women (or even ugly mutants) or weekends to make us feel human.

Your magazine reminds me of why I do what I do: freedom. The freedom to be who you want to be, do what makes you happy, worship whatever you want (in my case that would be my wife) and say whatever you want.

One reader commented that your *Publisher's Statement* bothers him and should be taken out. I say tough shit. If an opinion causes outrage, it is worth discussing. That is the damn purpose of free speech. Even a fucking idiot can give you a point of view you never thought of. That's how ideas evolve, and breakthroughs are achieved.

Having deployed to Iraq and Afghanistan a few times each, I can say that I am proud to the ends of the Earth to be an American. I have seen how these countries treat women. Afghani women have no rights to speak of, aren't permitted to drive, and they're covered from head to toe. I can't tell you what color eyes a woman has. Nothing is right about that shit.

Some months ago we stopped a guy on a motorcycle to search him. He had his three-year-old daughter with him. He needed a doctor since she had swallowed a screw, so we escorted them to a local clinic. The entire time I was thinking to myself, *We are trying to help this little girl so she can be forced to marry in her teens, get raped, raise kids and live a life of menial work and no education.*

The U.S. is a great nation, but it could be greater. Now that Bush is no longer my commander in chief, I can say, "Fuck that guy!" He was a fucking nightmare. I am neither Republican nor Democrat. I form my own opinions. I am pro-choice, for gay marriage, against gun laws and side with state laws against federalist incursions.

Mr. Flynt, keep doing what you are doing. Champion your own causes and opinions. And dammit, keep showing those lovely women in hopes of our society one day reaching complete sexual freedom and equality. I know many will be pissed off at what I'm writing, but fuck them! I might get killed any second. I earned the damn right to speak my mind. **—Sergeant of Marines**
Hometown: San Antonio, Texas

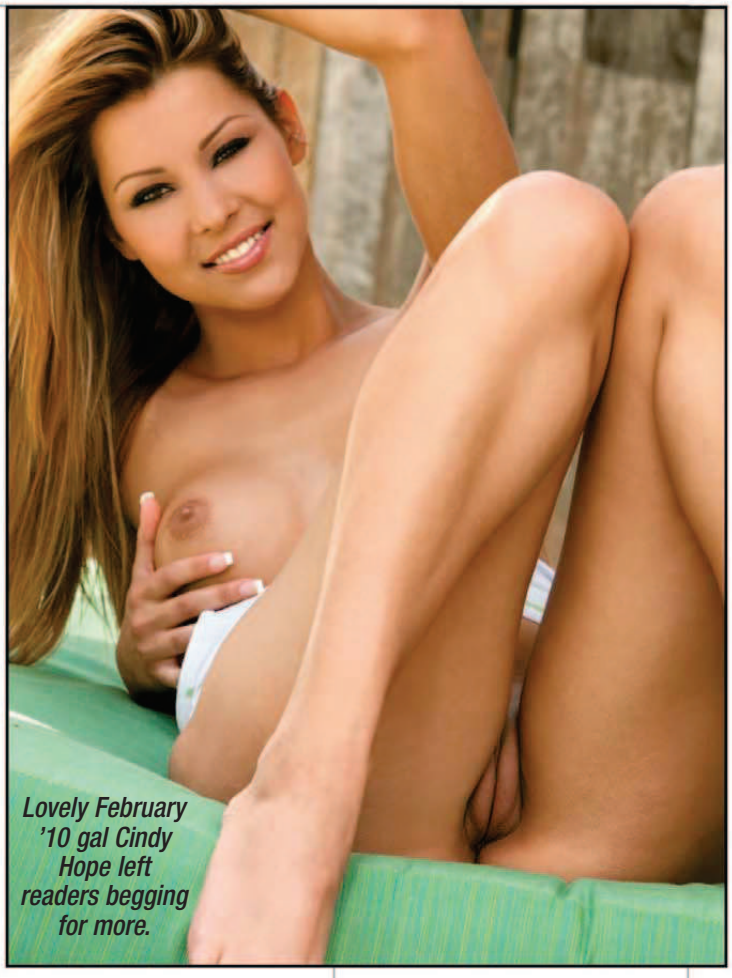
Glory Daze

Wow! The February '10 issue was packed with beautiful women, like Chloe, Cindy Hope and cougar Jazella Moore. She rocks! Keep printing the classics too. They bring the memories flooding back of days I spent enjoying myself with your magazine. **—G.N.**
Seattle, Washington

110%

I'm glad to see anal wonder Jenna Haze [Holiday '09] has her career on track, even launching her own production company. What man doesn't love to watch a pretty girl hard at work? Jenna is one lady who is willing to put her ass on the line to make a film succeed!

—Gregory Podsada
Trevor, Wisconsin



Lovely February '10 gal Cindy Hope left readers begging for more.

Timeless

Whoever thought of adding classic layouts is a genius. Beautiful women hold their own in any era!

—D. Manis
Phoenix, Arizona

Clear Shot

I love HUSTLER for the most part. However, I have a problem with the photo editors. Seems in most layouts the girls are covered up, and you really can't see what you want to see. Danielle Trixie (December '09) has a jacket on for most of her shoot. The Holiday '09 issue featured Bobbi Starr. She has a beautiful hairy bush, which you rarely see anymore, but there wasn't one clear shot of it. HUSTLER is great; I just think it can be better. **—T.H. Fitzgerald**
Fort Lauderdale, Florida

Nothing Sacred

I read your January '10 *College Report* "Losing Faith." Although I was somewhat disappointed that I didn't get to write about the debaptism rituals conducted at Boise State University, it's still very exciting that my school is getting recognition for something other than the football team and Bronco Stadium's blue turf. In the meantime I'll be keeping my eyes out for scandal and intrigue. I'm sure you'll be hearing from me soon.

—Jessica Swider
Boise, Idaho

College students are invited to deliver reports on various topics. See page 106.

Do you have a comment, suggestion or complaint? We want to hear it. Send your letters (typed or neatly handwritten) to HUSTLER *Feedback*, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211, or e-mail to *Hustler@LFP.com* and be sure to indicate your hometown. Please include a phone number if you want your letter considered for publication. All letters become the property of LFP Publishing Group, LLC and may be edited at our discretion.

McDonald's

Something's Fishy

It's a good time for the great taste of a McDonald's Filet-O-Fish sandwich. Available for a limited time only! Seems the hoki, the main ingredient in our popular fish sandwiches, are almost extinct from overfishing. It's not our fault that the fish are so damn delicious people can't get enough of them. It's the customer's fault! We wouldn't do something this horrible to the planet's ecosystem if people didn't love our Filet-O-Fish sandwiches so much. Or if we didn't make billions in profits.

McDonald's and profits. We're lovin' it!

HUSTLER Parody: This is not a real ad. It is political commentary on how McDonald's is destroying the world to create its subpar foods. For more info check out **MNN.com** (Mother Nature Network). This political parody may be reproduced in publications and on the Internet, but only in its entirety and without modification or alteration of any kind for nonprofit and noncommercial purposes, without further permission of HUSTLER Magazine or LFP Publishing Group, LLC.

JOE LIEBERMAN

What the heck was Al Gore thinking when he ran for President in 2000? Joe Lieberman for V.P.? The Democrat from Connecticut had won a Senate seat in 1988 with the support of conservative Republicans who wanted the more liberal Lowell Weicker out. Lieberman was also the first Dem to publicly criticize Bill Clinton for his affair with Monica Lewinsky. And he'd sided with the GOP in 1995 to limit punitive damage awards in product-liability cases. In other words, let companies make any shitty, dangerous products they want, but prevent consumers from seeking fair reparations in court if a product causes injury or death.

Of course, that was just the beginning of Lieberman's headlong attack on logic, ethics and his own political party. Ten years later, in 2005, he voted for the Class Action Fairness Act, which severely limited the ability of plaintiffs to file class-action suits against corporations in federal courts. (Score another one for Big Business.) And let's not forget that Lieberman, who left the Democratic Party in 2006 to seek reelection as an independent, supported GOP Presidential candidate John McCain in 2008. It was McCain who propelled Sarah Palin into the national spotlight by picking her as his running mate. Sarah Palin! We still have to live with that nightmare!

As if that wasn't bad enough, Lieberman even campaigned with McCain—who appeared to be in the throes of dementia—and challenged candidate Barack Obama's willingness to put his country first. And when asked if he agreed with Bill Kristol's statement that Obama might be a Marxist, Lieberman responded, "Well, you know, that's a good question.")

Despite that bit of ugliness, Obama—as President—blocked a Democratic move to kick Lieberman off the Senate Committee on Homeland Security and Governmental Affairs, which he chairs. How did Lieberman thank his benefactor? By openly campaigning against Obama's healthcare bill.

It's certainly worth noting that more insurance companies are headquartered in Connecticut than any other state. Lieberman himself has received more than $900,000 since 2005 from insurance-industry sources. No other lobby has contributed as much. Beyond that, his wife, Hadassah, worked for a lobbying firm specializing in health and pharmaceuticals. Can you say conflict of interest?

But wait. As the TV pitchmen say, there's more. Much more! This senator from hell, this wretched assault on human evolution, has already stated he will support Republicans in 2010. Further, he has joined forces with Lynne Cheney in criticizing universities for being "anti-American," i.e., too liberal. Lynne fuckin' Cheney! Has he no shame?

Apparently not. In 2008, Lieberman accepted an award from fanatical preacher John Hagee, who bellows that God sent Hitler to kill the Jews so they would all move to Israel, where most of them will be dispatched to hell come the Apocalypse.

You got that? Sarah Palin! Lynn Cheney! John Hagee! Three notorious psychopaths.

But let's not leave out the fourth horseman of the psychopaths: Alberto Gonzales. Can you remember the smug yet somehow vacant expression on the then-Attorney General's face when he repeatedly told Congress he couldn't recall his role in formulating the policies of George W. Bush? Gonzales is the lackey who labeled as "quaint" the Geneva Conventions, which bar torture. Believe it or not, Lieberman actually champions this notion.

When Gonzales was forced to resign in the wake of the scandalous firing of U.S. attorneys who'd resisted Bush policies that violated the law, Lieberman said Gonzales "deserved our appreciation for his work for our nation." That would only be true if Lieberman meant Gonzales's efforts to turn America fascist.

The list of odious positions embraced by Lieberman is virtually endless: He supports the World Trade Organization, which is responsible for shipping Americans' jobs overseas. He is a staunch chickenhawk who backed Bush's wars in the Middle East. He does not support gay marriage, believes in tax cuts for the rich and increasingly seems to favor the interests of Israel over those of the United States.

Lieberman's lurch to the right has become so extreme that in 2007 his Senate Homeland Security Committee held zero oversight hearings regarding Bush's controversial policies, and he even backed away from preelection demands to investigate the Bush White House's response to Hurricane Katrina. Just as disturbing, Lieberman told nutcase Glenn Beck, "You're a good man," and right-wing radio personality Hugh Hewitt, "I'm proud of you." Ugh!

We hear from pundits that Lieberman's antics are basically a cry for attention from a short fellow who has spent his life struggling with a raging inferiority complex. But, stature aside, we think someone who was determined to deny 45 million Americans adequate healthcare—thus consigning many of them to an early grave—is nothing less than a psychopath.

Pile shit high enough, put a yarmulke on it, and you've got pious, independent Senator Joe Lieberman. Independent of the American people, maybe, but hostage to Big Business—and Israel. Oh, by the way, Joe, Israel has universal healthcare. (For more, see Bob Scheer's column on page 11.)

FARTS IN THE WIND

HADASSAH LIEBERMAN has come under intense scrutiny of late, which explains why she's getting a few more inches of coverage underneath her Asshole of the Month husband. We won't raise a stink with Susan G. Komen for the Cure, the world's largest breast cancer charity, even though it has resisted efforts to give spokeswoman Hadassah the heave-ho. She is merely an embarrassing shill for a worthy organization—and the spouse of a louse who helped weaken the President's healthcare plan. What we can't ignore is that for the past three decades Hadassah has worked for lobbying firms representing pharmaceutical and healthcare entities, among them Hill & Knowlton, whose claims to shame include the billion-dollar defense of the tobacco industry. According to Salon.com's Joe Conason, "Not long after her [H&K] contract began, Senator Lieberman introduced legislation vastly extending patent protection for pharmaceutical companies—notably including GlaxoSmithKline, a top client of his wife's firm." Since the Liebermans aren't keen on discussing Hadassah's professional activities, what was she doing at those PR powerhouses? Watering plants? Of course, the fact that Hadassah Lieberman has allegedly never registered as a lobbyist could indicate something is amiss. But even if she's as clean as a whistle, standing by Joe's side all these years merits the odious accolade of Fart in the Wind.

"And the number one 'Worldwide Pants Employee
Who Has Sucked David Letterman's Dick' is...'Paul Shaffer'!"

Vicky Vette

Jasmine Mai

Elizabeth Starr, Summer Sinn, Deja Voo

Angie Baby

PHOTOS BY J.R. REYNOLDS

A divine Trinity

Angelina Armani

THE CON IS ON

Ah, Adultcon. How do we love thee? Let us count the ways.

1. For 50 bucks you offer porn fans a chance to meet and greet some of adult entertainment's lesser-known (make that up-and-coming or classic) stars.

2. You are the perfect outlet for all that "disposable income" we have lying around.

3. You give us a chance to run into guys who are even bigger losers than we are.

4. Most importantly, you're held two times a year in Los Angeles, so we don't have to wait till January for Las Vegas's *AVN* convention.

PIECE OF SHIT AWARD #2:
TIMOTHY GEITHNER

Another piece of excrement has landed on U.S. Treasury Secretary Timothy Geithner's head. This time the modern-day Benedict Arnold showed exactly how much of a Wall Street puppet he is by extending the government's bailout into late 2010. Now his cronies will have more time to waste taxpayers' money on huge bonuses for themselves. Every month we will continue to put another piece of shit on Geithner's head until he resigns or is fired.

PORN FROM THE PAST

Even in the 1950s there were "wardrobe malfunctions." Thanks to A.P. of Boynton Beach, Florida, for this vintage photo.

Send your smut of yesteryear to HUSTLER's Porn From the Past, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. Include a self-addressed, stamped envelope if you want the material returned.

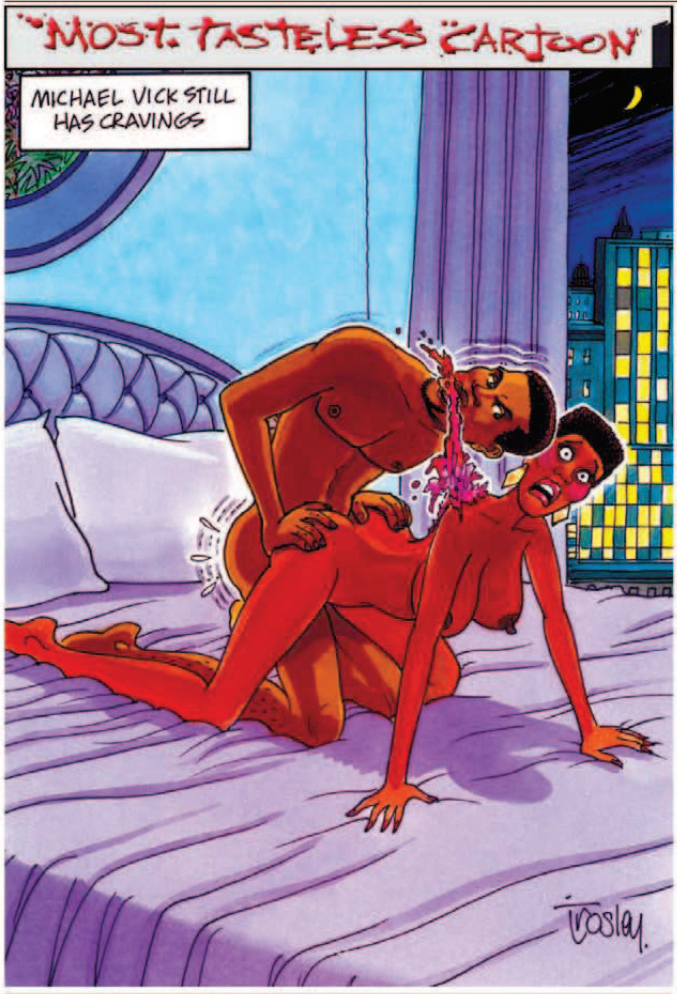
"I generally avoid temptation unless I can't resist it."—MAE WEST, ACTRESS

CELEBRITY FANTASY

WHAT WOULD Jennifer Aniston LOOK LIKE WITH A DICK IN HER MOUTH?

Yes, we've already shown you what the former *Friends* star looks like with a dick in her mouth, but that was years ago before she got her new face. We're sure it's getting a lot of new dick.

DISCLAIMER. Parody: No such picture of Jennifer Aniston actually exists. If it did, we would make friends with whoever gave it to us. We're talking to you, John Mayer. This composite fantasy picture is altered from the original for our imagination, does not depict reality and is not to be taken seriously for any purpose.



"Michael! I said I would do it 'doggy-style.' You didn't specify 'pitbull.'"

NEWS BABES

Natalie Bomke from KTXL (channel 40) in Sacramento, California, is so beautiful that we don't even need to come up with a clever double entendre to explain why we picked her. Thanks to J.D. of San Francisco for submitting this exceptional Fox affiliate News Babe.

To nominate a local or network news personality, send her full name, station and channel (include a picture) to HUSTLER News Babes, c/o *Bits & Pieces*, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. If your pick is aired here, you'll win a HUSTLER Prize Pack.

"Really, sex and laughter do go very well together, and I wondered—and still do—which is more important." —HERMIONE GINGOLD, ACTRESS

NEWSBITES

GRAVE CONCERNS

A cemetery in Essex, England, is putting its foot down in response to visitors engaging in drunken parties and sex romps on the graves instead of paying their respects. To combat the problem, a list of rules has been posted, such as, "No Heavy Petting, No Bikinis and No Parties." Wait! Our dead Uncle Chester loved seeing us get a handjob from a bikini-clad babe whenever we visited his grave.

POWDER PUFF

Men do plenty of odd things to get off, but this one takes the cake. Police in Commerce, Texas, arrested a man who approached a female hardware store clerk and blew a small pile of talcum powder from a sheet of paper into her face. For the second time! When questioned by authorities, the culprit admitted he became aroused by seeing women sneeze. Now that it's the flu season, we imagine the guy must have a nonstop erection.

RING AROUND THE ROSY

Most guys want a bigger dick (not us—we're freakin' huge), but one dude found out the hard way that there is no miracle cure for a tiny tool. Hoping to lengthen his penis, a Newport Beach, California, resident inserted it into a dumbbell-tightening ring, and three days later his joystick had swollen to more than twice its normal size. Unable to remove the device, he went to a hospital, where doctors spent two hours sawing it off to save his manhood. Guess the dimwit actually accomplished his goal of getting that bigger prick...for just a few days, that is.

LOVE YOUR PETS

A defendant in New Jersey found a clever way to get out of being charged with animal cruelty charges after he was found sexually gratifying himself in a calf's mouth. His defense was that the baby bovine simply mistook his penis for a cow's udder and was trying to suck out some milk. Because the Garden State has no anti-bestiality statute, he was only charged with animal "cruelty." Sorry, dude. One of the editors here used that lame excuse when his wife caught him getting a blowjob from a HUSTLER Honey. Didn't work.

Sign of the Times

Nothing beats a place where you can work out while being blown by some loose chick. Thanks to J.T. of Hampton, Connecticut, for sharing this photo.

Have you seen a funny sign? If you do, snap a photo and mail it off to HUSTLER Sign of the Times, c/o *Bits & Pieces*, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. If we print the picture, we'll send you a signed check for 50 bucks.

Tiger Tales

Besides the dozen-plus women to come forward with allegations of sexual liaisons with sports superstar Tiger Woods, there is one man—our own Bucky Beaver. He had this to say about the transgressions: "I don't usually go gay, but for a couple million even I'd blow a tiger. I'm not gonna have to prove any of this, right?"

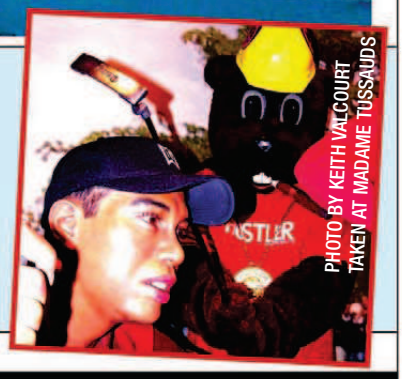


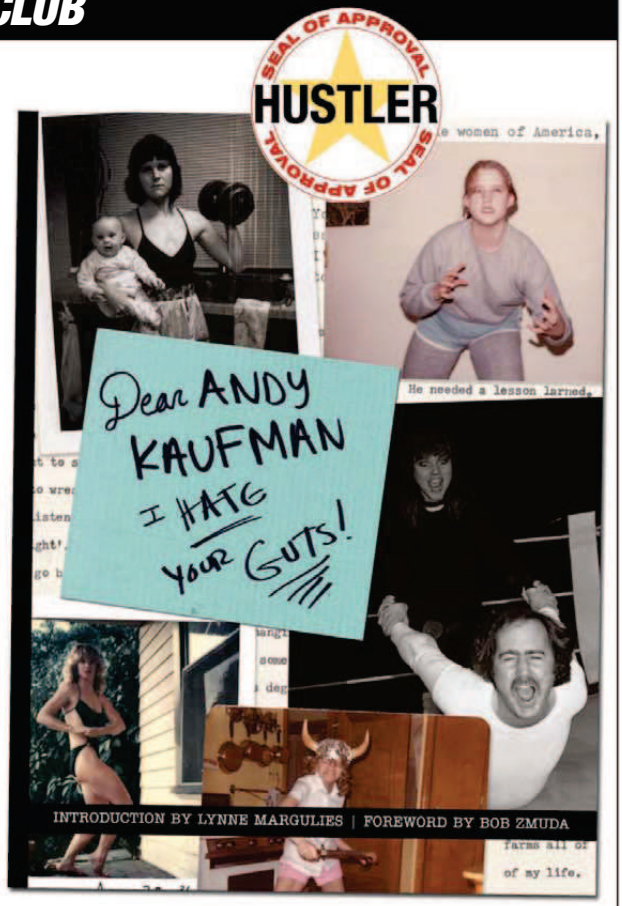
PHOTO BY KEITH VALCOURT
TAKEN AT MADAME TUSSAUDS

HUSTLER BOOK CLUB

Never predictable but always hilarious, Andy Kaufman wasn't just the guy who played Latka on *Taxi*; his outlandish stunts pushed the boundaries of humor. In 1979 the comic took an odd turn (even for him) when he began wrestling women as the self-proclaimed "inter-gender wrestling champion of the world."

To mark the 25th anniversary of his alleged "death," the funnyman's archives were culled to create the laugh-out-loud book *Dear Andy Kaufman, I Hate Your Guts!* It features a collection of handwritten notes and hate mail from female wrestlers outraged by his antics in the ring. There's also an introduction by Andy's longtime girlfriend (and frequent grappling partner) Lynne Margulies and a foreword by best friend Bob Zmuda (who may or may not be Tony Clifton).

Dear Andy Kaufman, I Hate Your Guts! is available at bookstores now.

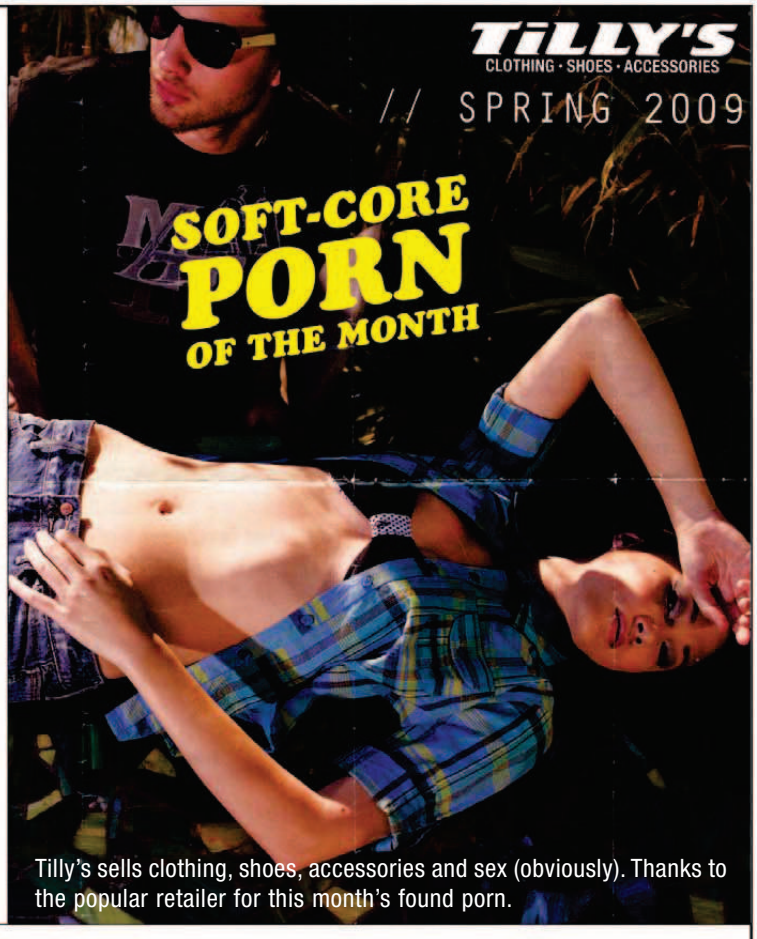

SEAL OF APPROVAL
HUSTLER
SEAL OF APPROVAL
Dear ANDY KAUFMAN I HATE YOUR GUTS!
INTRODUCTION BY LYNNE MARGULIES | FOREWORD BY BOB ZMUDA

"Sexuality is lovely; there cannot be too much of it. It is self-limiting if satisfactory, and satisfaction diminishes tension and clears the mind for attention and learning."—PAUL GOODMAN, WRITER

"I don't know whether it's normal or not, but sex has always been something I take seriously. I would put it higher than tennis on my list of constructive things I do." —ART BUCHWALD, HUMORIST

Funny Papers

The latest issue of HUSTLER HUMOR may be the best yet. Not only is it jam-packed with cutting-edge jokes and uproarious cartoons, but it also brings back the superhot Honey Hooker. Pick up your copy of HUSTLER HUMOR today!



Tilly's sells clothing, shoes, accessories and sex (obviously). Thanks to the popular retailer for this month's found porn.

A real work of art.

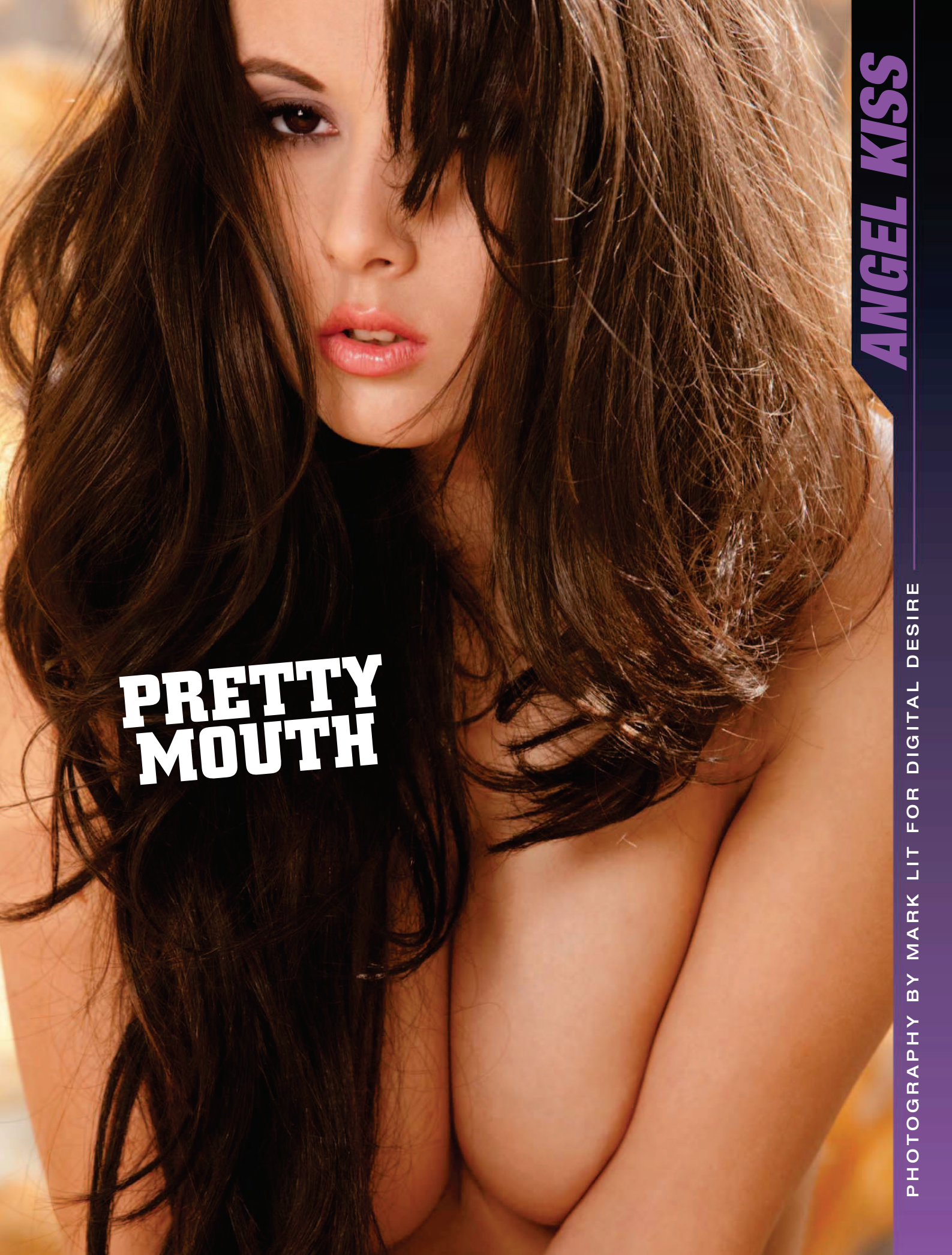
Here kitty kitty....

She's got your back.

PHOTOS BY J.R. REYNOLDS

One Helluva Bash!

Whips, chains and a live bondage stage show, not to mention artwork? Yup, that is exactly what was recently on tap at L.A.'s Club Hell. Sponsored by our sister magazine HUSTLER'S TABOO, the ass-smackingly good get-together was a BDSM swap meet where fetish artists could sell their kinky creations to fans. We may not know art, but we know we're intimidated enough to buy a painting from a leather-clad chick brandishing a whip.


PRETTY MOUTH
ANGEL KISS
PHOTOGRAPHY BY MARK LIT FOR DIGITAL DESIRE

I need a man who is willing to put his mouth where my money is," moans Hungarian hottie **Angel Kiss**. "I'm talking about my juicy pussy. I love having it licked and sucked by a guy's powerful tongue and mouth. To be honest I sometimes prefer that to fucking, especially if the man has oral skills."

Has **Angel** ever had a girl kiss her down there? "Of course!" she exclaims. "But it's not the same. A woman is all soft and gentle. The feel of a man's rough, stubbly chin scraping against my inner thigh is the ticket. That's part of the turn-on. Don't get me wrong: I love getting it on with girls, but nothing beats a man. The way they smell, the way they taste, that does it for me."

What is life like in Hungary? “It’s very sexy and very relaxed,” **Angel** coos. “People in the United States don’t take time to stop to smell the roses. Life is great if you learn to enjoy the little things. I spend every day living, loving and having sex. What could be better?”

ANGEL KISS'S VITAL FACTS: HOMETOWN: Budapest, Hungary | AGE: 20 | BIRTH SIGN: Gemini | HEIGHT: 5-6

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Going Gold Really Rocks

Her breasts were amazing—handfuls of creamy-smooth perfection capped by fat, coral-pink tit buds. Perky and perfect as only barely legal breasts can be.

Mika told me she was "18, three months and two days exactly." Then she whipped out her driver's license to prove it. See, it's no secret to my fans that I like young pussy, but I also like to stay this side of the law.

Our band had seen better days. We used to fill concert stadiums. Now we filled clubs, and reporters used words like *retro* and *comeback* if they wrote about us at all. But, hell, we rocked, a gig's a gig, and we still had a loyal following, plus a few new punk-ass groupies. Mika was one of those. She'd stayed behind as the club was closing its doors, and when the manager looked her way, she pretended to be a roadie wrapping cords. Then, once the equipment was all packed in the van, she'd flashed me those tits. Enough said.

Ten minutes later we were in my dingy, two-star hotel room, stripping each other naked. Mika already had more piercings and tattoos than I did at 38! In particular, her extra-large purple tongue stud intrigued me, and I grew hard wondering how that was going to feel on my cock. Really fuckin' good, as it turned out, especially when Mika tongued just under my mushroom cap or pushed that round stud into my piss slit.

Somehow that 18-year-old girl combined the experience of a hooker with the enthusiasm of a teenybopper. She could rim. She could teabag. She could deep-throat!

She sucked all eight inches of my dick between her lips and applied powerful vacuum suction until there was no way I could hold back. Her head was bobbing. My nuts were singing. I had to come! And then…then she wouldn't let me. Her lips sealed tight halfway up my shaft and stayed there. Her tiny fist wrapped around my base and squeezed.

Mika waited patiently until the urge to orgasm had receded some—then she started all over again. Two more times she took me to the edge. The third time she hummed our band's one-hit wonder around the base of my log as she gently massaged my nuts in her palm. *Intense* doesn't even begin to describe the climax that crashed through my body. The girl swallowed everything I had to give, except for one last spurt that dribbled down her chin to those perfect breasts.

I wanted to return the favor because, really, I'm not the selfish bastard everyone's always making me out to be. I wanted to lick her pussy. Instead Mika took my hand and led me into the bathroom. She mentioned seeing footage of me pissing on my audience from the stage and told me how that turned her on. Then she climbed into the bathtub and slipped the plug into the drain.

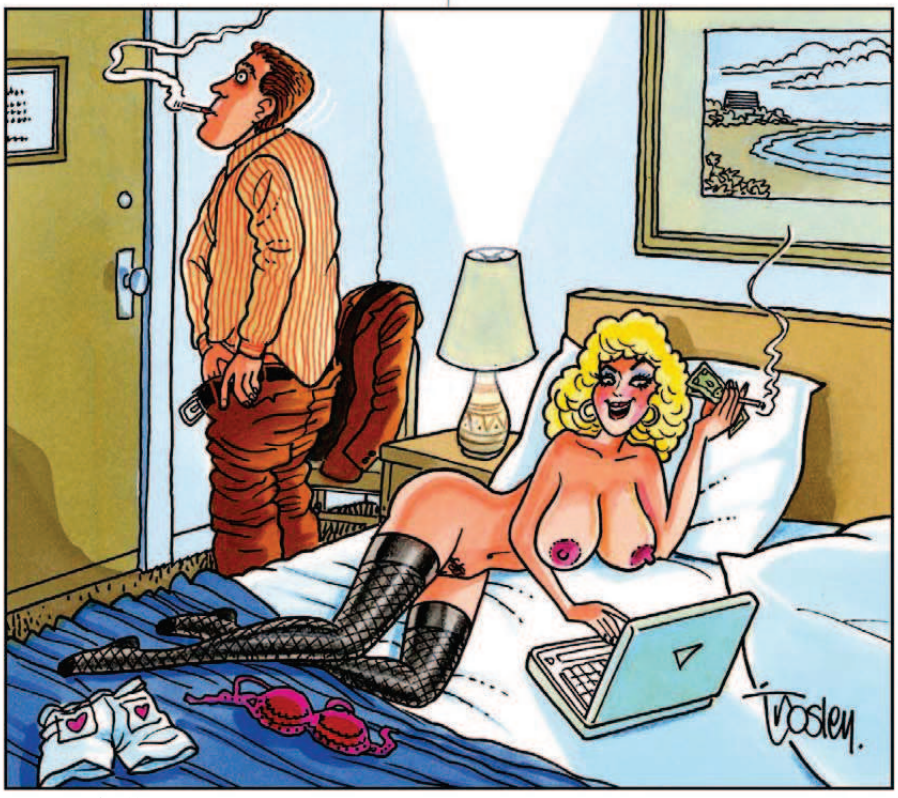
Now, honestly, I didn't remember that concert, but I believed her. Sometimes I get pretty fucked up, my drummer tells me. Anyway, when I stared down at Mika's young, lithe body sitting in that tub and saw her pink, pierced pussy flaps, it was difficult not to get erect. I closed my eyes and tried to concentrate on pissing. Nothing. So I reached behind me and turned on the sink faucet. The sound of water rushing triggered my flow, and I opened my eyes to the sight of my pee splattering Mika's tattooed belly.

The girl looked ecstatic, rubbing my urine into her skin. Spreading her twat lips, she showed me her little clitty button and urged me to aim for her snizz. The second my piss hit her pink, she was coming, moaning and writhing in that tub. When my stream ended, Mika smiled and invited me into the tub with her.

I consider myself pretty kinky, but I had never, ever fucked in urine before. It overwhelmed my senses—the pungent aroma, the sight of liquid gold, the feel of it splashing over us. It was my second boner of the night, so I was able to last a good long while. Mika climaxed three or four more times before I cried out that I was about to come, and she begged for my spunk in her mouth.

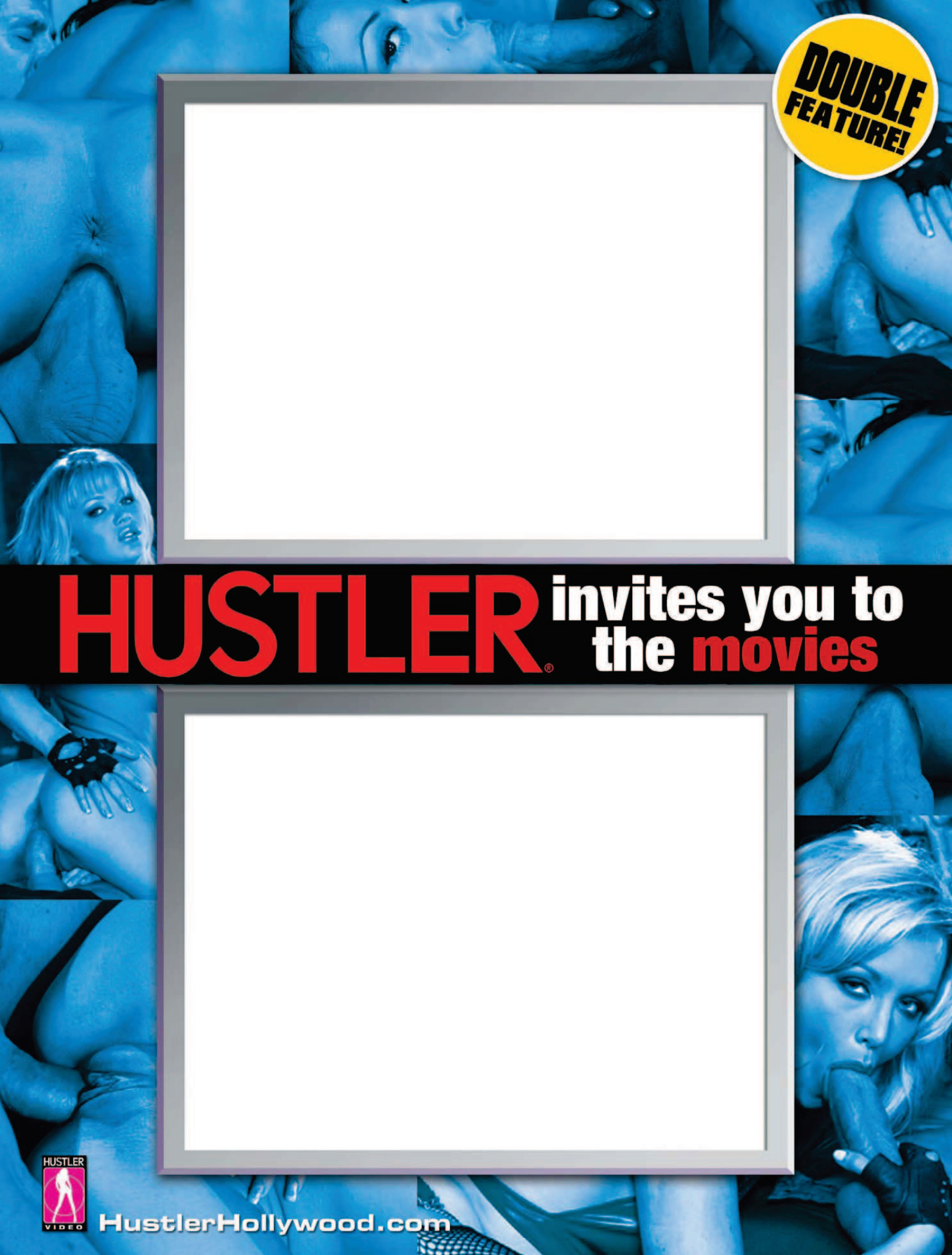
As soon as I pulled from her quim, Mika coated my dick with piss from the tub and sucked me back to her throat. Wow! The girl swallowed my jizz until I had nothing left. And then she left me. She said the Misfits were playing downstate tomorrow night, and she had to be there to fuck them.

—C.S.
On the Road, USA



"I'll be posting my comments about your performance, technique and penis size on my blog."

Send your personal sexperiences to HUSTLER *Hot Letters*, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211.


DOUBLE FEATURE!
HUSTLER invites you to the movies
HUSTLER VIDEO
HustlerHollywood.com

HUSTLER'S PUBLISHER ENGAGES THE FAMED ACTOR WHO CHRONICLED OBAMA'S WHITE HOUSE RUN.

LARRY FLYNT IN CONVER EDWARD NO

PHOTO BY LADI VON JANSKY

Actor, conservationist and social activist Edward Norton portrayed the valiant lawyer defending HUSTLER's mastermind in the 1996 biopic *The People vs. Larry Flynt.* Besides starring in a host of other hit films—*Primal Fear*, *Rounders*, *American History X*, *Fight Club* and *The Incredible Hulk*—Norton merits a forum as the producer of HBO's heralded documentary *By the People: The Election of Barack Obama.*

LARRY FLYNT: Your documentary was set up before anyone knew Obama was going to run for President. How did that come about?

EDWARD NORTON: Everybody was struck by his speech during the 2004 [Democratic National] Convention. He was clearly a person of enormous potential. It seemed he was already carving a path toward this conciliatory middle. That speech didn't launch him because it was

SATION WITH ORTON

a bold, new declaration of radical progressivism. That speech was notable because it denied the notion of trench warfare between blue and red. It sounded like a proto-Presidential speech. A lot of the credit for the documentary idea goes to one of our directors, Amy Rice.

FLYNT: How did you convince Obama and his people to let you shoot your documentary?

NORTON: I work on low-income housing issues. One of the organizations I work with is very effective at setting up meetings with new senators to help them set policy. So we went to D.C. to meet with Barack on housing issues in the winter of 2005/2006. I told Amy to come down with me in case we got some time to talk about this documentary idea, and that's what happened. We wound up talking with Barack and Robert Gibbs, his communications director.

They were very open to the idea. Barack understood what we were saying. I think he has always been very self-aware, and he recognized that, yeah, he was going to be a touchstone for a lot of things. They said, "Well, how would this begin?" And we said, "Maybe we just start slow. We'll propose a few places that we'd like to film or people we'd like to interview." They said, "That would be fine. Let's just do it case by case."

FLYNT: I was a little disappointed that more access wasn't shown in the documentary. There weren't a lot of conflict meetings with Obama and White House staffers like David Axelrod.

NORTON: When we started out with them, they weren't restricting us at all. But when it became clear Barack was going to make a run for the Presidency, we knew the campaign staff would tell us, "You're done." And sure enough, David Axelrod basically told Robert Gibbs we wouldn't be filming anymore.

I called Axelrod to explain. I said, "We're not the short-cycle news media. We're not going to exploit this before the election. We're archivists. We want this for the historical record. This will be an important piece of history." After we talked, Axelrod was on the fence. Barack exhibited a certain amount of trust in us, and we slowly got back in the game.

We did get to do some things nobody's ever gotten to do during a Presidential campaign: actually interviewing the candidate and his family, shooting debate prep, things like that. We were hoping we could be inside the room when key arguments came up or decisions were being made, but they were careful about exposing themselves even though I think they trusted our intent.

FLYNT: When Obama learned he'd been elected President, there was no camera in his face. Nobody was there to catch his expression. I'm wondering how you guys missed it.

NORTON: It was pretty amazing that Amy was able to follow Axelrod and [chief campaign manager David] Plouffe upstairs into the room moments after Obama won. She didn't have clearance to go with them up to his floor. As she's following them in the stairwell, you can hear the Secret Service guy say, "Where's your pin?" And Amy says, "I'm with them." Then she just pushed on through. She got into the room to get that bit of Michelle [Obama] saying to Axelrod, "Don't cry. If you cry, I'm going to cry." You can see Obama in the background.

You've seen *The War Room*, right? In that documentary it's all about the strategists. We were able to get a little more of the candidate. We were also able to get the senior guys ruminating on what they were doing. But most of all, what the directors actually captured was a nice portrait of the rank and file.

When people look back on this in 25 years, a big key to seeing how Obama built this movement will be the people who saw the candidate reflect their values and background. [Campaign staffer] Ronnie Cho is a perfect example. He said something like: "Here's a guy—if *he* can be President, that means someone like me is included in this whole dynamic American experiment."

Politics is always identity and identification. What you see in Ronnie Cho and others in the film are contemporary American young people

who are biracial and who identify with Obama. Obama succeeded because he built this movement of people who saw themselves as included in his vision of America.

FLYNT: Tell us your impression of Obama on the campaign trail.

NORTON: I don't think I have any insights that other people haven't had. I've met a lot of candidates or politicians in the last ten years, and there's always a certain shellac, as I call it, like they're on the make. There's a certain desire on their part to impress.

I never felt that with Barack. From the first time I met him, he seemed like one of your smarter friends from college. He was extremely attentive. He'd ask questions, and he would listen. He seemed sincerely inquisitive. He seemed like a person aware of his own potential, but measured. That's the best word I can come up with. I think you see that in the film.

Everybody would like to peek around the corner and see the melodramatics. But the reality of Obama's team, for better or worse, was that when you got into the private spaces with them, they actually were very Zen. They weren't very emotionally reactive people.

The morning the Jeremiah Wright scandal hit, the Hillary Clinton campaign jumped on it. If there was ever a day you'd catch someone on edge, that was it. Alicia [Sams, a *By the People* filmmaker] caught David Axelrod coming out of his house, and she said, "Does it make you angry when you see that kind of tactical negativity being thrown at you?" She's almost leading him into venting, and he just says, "Well, I never thought she [Hillary] would wave the white flag. That's just not her gestalt." They just don't bite.

I'm sure you felt the same way I did during the campaign. I was tearing my hair out. I was thinking, *Punch back; be tougher.*

FLYNT: While having dinner with Jesse Jackson Jr., I said, "Jesse, Obama's got to get angry." He said, "No, Larry, you don't understand. America has a vision of an angry black man. That isn't what we need."

NORTON: I think Barack knows that, but I don't even think it's an image thing. It's who he is. He and Axelrod, in particular, are extremely adept at playing the long game. I remember trying to text some of those campaign guys. I was trying to script responses like everybody else, but they proved over and over again that they had a better sense of the long game. They were looking further down the field.

When the Jeremiah Wright thing broke, Barack could have punched back at Hillary a lot harder. She said something like, "I can't see how a person could maintain a relationship with someone who says things like that." I'm thinking Barack should say, "Why do Catholics keep their faith in the Catholic Church despite rampant abuse of young people by the clergy? They do it because it's more complex than that. They do it because they have a deep faith and relationship with something, despite its flaws." Or he could have turned to her and said, "Why does a woman stay with a man who cheats on her and flushes the mandate of his entire political party when he has an affair in the Oval Office?" What would Hillary have said? She would have been flat on her heels. Obama has more sense than that.

FLYNT: I talked to Dennis Kucinich when he was running for President during the Democratic primaries. I said, "Unless you do something, you're going nowhere." He said, "Can you suggest anything?" I said, "When you have an opportunity, say to Hillary that Carville and Begala controlled the bimbo eruption when your husband was President. Who's going to control it when you're President?" That would have been the most outrageous thing Kucinich could say. That would have been the news for the night.

NORTON: There's a reason, I think, Obama couldn't go that route. Those guys knew they had the delegate math. They knew they were going to win the key primaries and that when they won, they needed to convert all of Hillary's supporters to their side. If they indulged the emotional satisfaction of knifing her, they would just piss those people off.

FLYNT: What do you think about what Obama is doing now?

NORTON: In a way I find myself doing the same thing I did during the campaign. I have these reactions where I say, "Don't do that or do this." But if the campaign revealed anything, it's that those guys have been smarter than the rest of us. Do I wish they had been tougher about TARP [Troubled Asset Relief Program]? Yeah, I do. But I've actually heard them say that it's healthcare first, climate second and then Wall Street regulation. Maybe they're kicking bank regulation down the road and keeping goodwill with the bankers until we get through this healthcare thing.

FLYNT: You've dated many beautiful girls in show business. My favorite of all is Salma Hayek. She is one of the most gorgeous women I've ever met. Why would you ever let her get away?

NORTON: Things like that are complicated. We didn't even have ten minutes where we weren't friends. Sometimes your lives are going in different directions or you want different things on a different schedule. Timing is a lot of it.

FLYNT: Salma told me a story that revealed a lot about her as a person. A lot of people come to Hollywood and expect things to just happen, and it doesn't just happen. Someone told Salma when she first came here, "You've got to have an agent." So she called the William Morris Agency.

She said, "I'd like to speak to William Morris." The receptionist said, "He's

PHOTO BY LADI VON JANSKY

dead," and hung up on her. So she called back ten minutes later and said, "Can I speak to his son?" I just thought that was really funny because it shows she's full of determination. I imagine Salma puts that same determination into her acting and her relationships.

NORTON: I like girls who are confident. I think that my girlfriend, Shauna Robertson, is the same way. She came here from Canada with nothing when she was 17 and lied about her age to get a job at Disney. By the time she was 33, she had produced $1 billion worth of comedies. She and Judd Apatow started Apatow Films. She produced *Elf*, *Anchorman*, *The 40-Year-Old Virgin* and *Knocked Up*.

FLYNT: Someone told me your own body of work consists of over 25 movies. I didn't know you've made that many.

NORTON: I didn't either. I think it's more like low-20-something unless you count the documentaries.

FLYNT: I do count them. Which of your movies do you like the best?

NORTON: I think *The People vs. Larry Flynt* really holds up.

FLYNT: I still get royalty checks off of video sales.

NORTON: Someone said they use that film in civics classes in Slovenia.

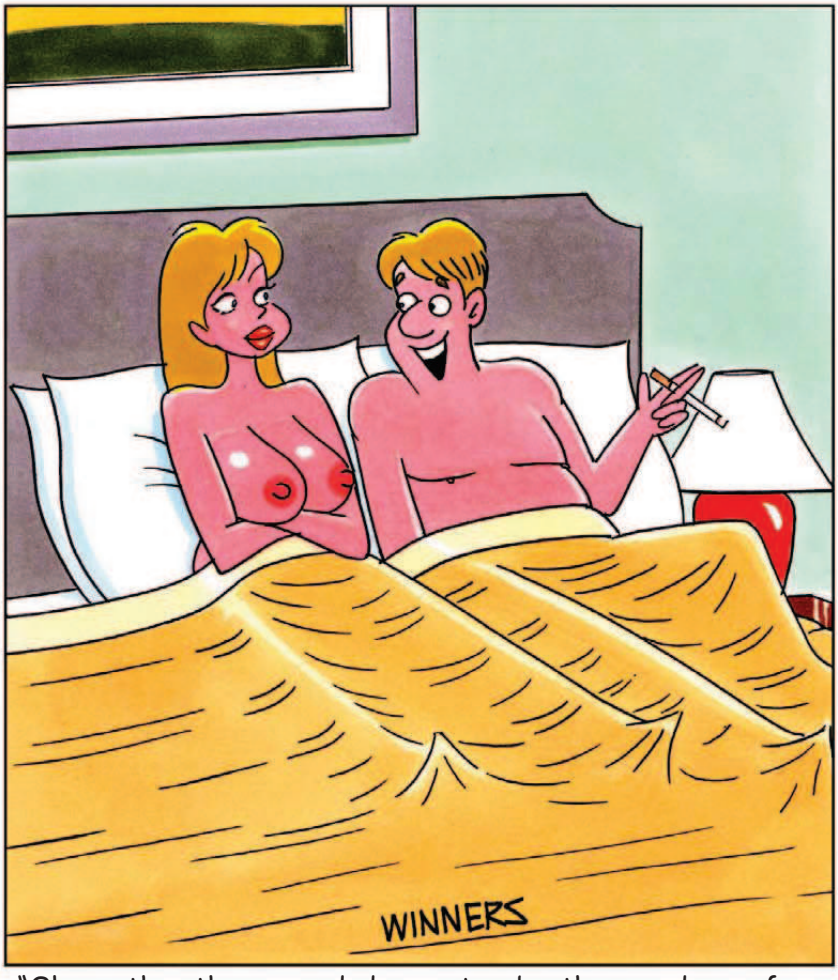
FLYNT: All of the law students watch it in this country. Before they'd study *New York Times* v. *Sullivan*, a 1964 case. Now they use *Hustler Magazine* v. *Falwell*, and they always show the movie.

NORTON: The film is a great portrait of the messiness of a true democratic society. My dad's an attorney, and he said that one of the real truths of American law is that a principle never gets tested in the comfortable middle. It only gets tested at the extreme end of the spectrum, like when you wrote in HUSTLER about Falwell in that outhouse with his mother.

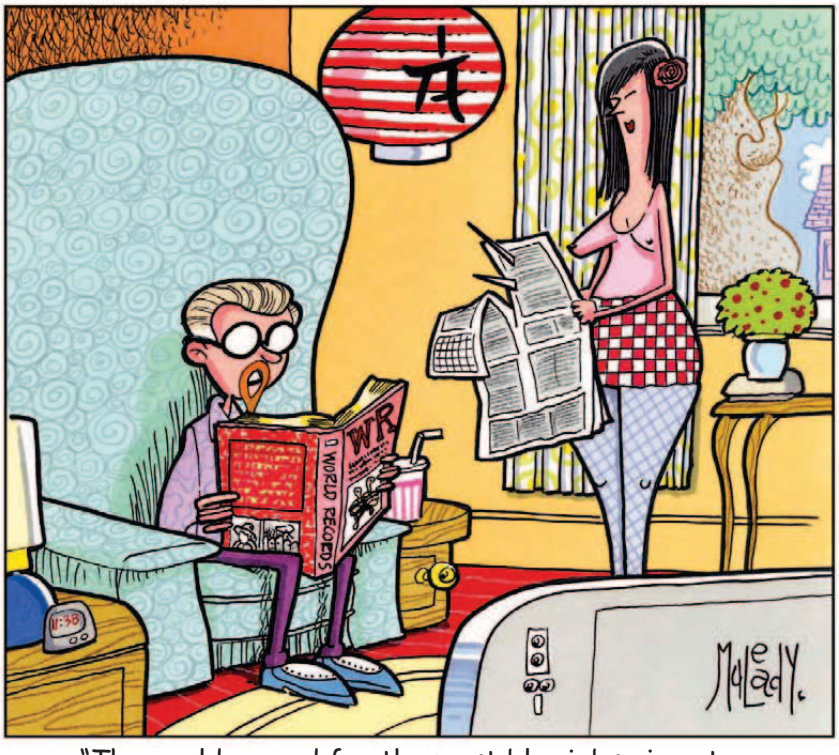
FLYNT: With *Hustler Magazine* v. *Falwell*, I thought we were going to lose at the Supreme Court. I couldn't believe it when we won by a unanimous decision. I also couldn't believe that Chief Justice Rehnquist wrote the decision himself. More or less, he said things are often done under the name of those men with less than admirable intentions, but that does not give the government the right to suppress free speech. Those kids in law school really get wrapped up in that.

I speak at Robert Scheer's class at USC every once in a while. His students are shown *The People vs. Larry Flynt*, then they ask me questions. Scheer told me the students voted me the best speaker by far. He's had Oliver Stone there and Lawrence O'Donnell—

NORTON: I'd vote for you over Oliver too.



"Okay, other than your dad, your two brothers and your four cousins, am I the first guy you've fucked?"



"The world record for the most blowjobs given to a senator by a private corporation is the insurance industry and Joe Lieberman. Boy, there's a surprise."

The Girls of Your Dreams

HUSTLER PHOTOGRAPHER HOLLY RANDALL'S SEXY NEW BOOK

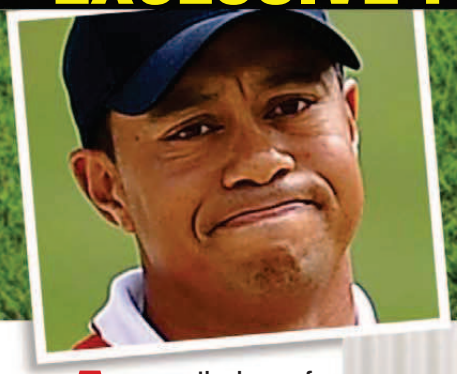
Remarkably talented Holly Randall has captured in all their glory a bevy of the most beautiful women on the planet. As a matter of fact many of her sexy photos have graced the pages and cover of this very magazine. No surprise since Holly, the daughter of legendary erotic photographer Suze Randall, was literally born into porn. After graduating from UCLA, Holly learned the ins and outs of the biz from her "dear" mother, then went on to hone those skills, developing her own unique style.

Holly Randall produces more than mere snapshots. They are artistic interpretations of sexuality, sensuality and beauty. Now many of these stunning images have been culled into an exciting book, *Erotic Dream Girls*. The dazzling chronicle, which boasts a foreword by Larry Flynt himself, features hundreds of full-color photos of the biggest names in the adult-entertainment industry.

XXX top-liners Kayden Kross, Kagney Linn Karter, Tori Black, Celeste Star, Faye Reagan, Aria Giovanni, Sarah Vandella, Heather Starlet and dozens more are showcased at their very best: exposed, uninhibited, stunning and naked. Extremely naked.

Unlike most photo collections that are published as clunky coffee table tomes, *Erotic Dream Girls* is a compact hardcover affair that can fit right in the palm of your hand. Holly Randall's *Erotic Dream Girls* is available at bookstores and **GoliathBooks.com**.

EXCLUSIVE PHOTOS OF TIGER



Among the bevy of beauties sexually linked with golfer Tiger Woods are stunning HUSTLER models **Holly Sampson** and **Joslyn James**. Ms. **Sampson**, the seventh alleged mistress to come out of the woodwork when the scandal erupted, twice graced HUSTLER's pages (November 1997 and October 2000) and also posed for our sister magazine BARELY LEGAL's November 1997 issue. She's also unleashed her amorous talents in several hard-core films.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY CLIVE McLEAN

WOODS' XXX MISTRESSES

HOLLY
SAMPSON

PHOTOGRAPHY COURTESY HUSTLER VIDEO

Meanwhile, Tiger's purported mistress #11—**Joslyn James**, an aficionada of backdoor and interracial sex—can be seen in HUSTLER Video's *Anal Training* and *DP Me Please*. If you want some in the flesh, **James** has been known to high-tail it to the Moonlite BunnyRanch.

Looking at these two eye-pleasing ladies, you can see why the world's most famous golfer would want to add them to his list of "transgressions."

To order *Anal Training* and *DP Me Please* from HUSTLER Video, call (toll-free) 800-763-8271 ext. 7651, visit HustlerHollywood.com or go to page 115 to order by mail.

BAI LING

Living the (Crazy) Beautiful Life

INTERNATIONAL FILM STAR BAI LING is a thing of beauty. During her illustrious career she has turned in daring performances alongside a who's who of Hollywood's elite, notably Angelina Jolie, Richard Gere and Liam Neeson. Following the release of her latest film, *Crank 2: High Voltage*, the Chinese-born actress stopped by HUSTLER to discuss whether or not she's crazy and her impressive body…of work.

HUSTLER: Is your character in *Crank 2* insane?

BAI LING: She is just like me, a little bit crazy. More crazy. Not like me. I'm very conservative. I'm not crazy at all. I'm the most normal person on Earth. But (*laughs*) in films I'm crazy, especially in *Crank 2*. I play Rhea, and she is absolutely out of her mind. But in her reality it's normal.

PHOTO BY LADI VON JANSKY

MEET MAINSTREAM CINEMA'S

I always believe that I am from the moon. Rhea is from some place farther away. I think I gave her this very edgy, crazy, modern and driven persistence in her passion to pursue this man [Jason Statham as Chev Chelios]. But for a good reason: He saved her life.

The director was open to me improvising. I said whatever. I said, "You're my shiny diaper." Jason could not keep a straight face. Every time we started shooting, he would laugh. He'd ask, "Where did that come from?" I said, "I don't know. It comes from my crazy mind." There is a power in this character that will get the audience excited. It is the most outrageous and spirited performance I've ever given. I'm not myself.

How do you prepare to play someone who's crazy?

I think you just embrace your mischievous and childish side. You know when you're a child, and your parents say, "Don't do this!" and you do it? That's what I did in this film. I know everyone on the set was worried about me. They didn't want me to get in trouble and do something crazy. I said, "Wow, this is fun! I'm just going to go for it."

What was the craziest thing you did during production of *Crank 2*?

One time I was driving a car. The street was flooded. I was racing around, and the crew didn't stop me. They kept filming me. Everybody was so afraid I was going to hit them. They didn't use the footage. Also in the ending of the film I jump into the water, and I'm on fire. It's so funny. They call "Action!" and I go crazy. They called "Cut!" because one of the cameras didn't work. Well, I didn't hear "Cut!" so I'm still going crazy, and the crew were all laughing because they weren't even filming. I'm in the water screaming. They said, "She's just crazy!"

What about your reputation for being crazy offscreen?

I think that we all have a part of ourselves that is crazy and extreme. Most people don't practice that side. You're working in an office. If you went crazy, you would be fired. As a performer and actress, I can practice that side. I'm a very extreme person. There is an alien spirit living in me. Part of me is extremely conservative: demure and refined and covered up.

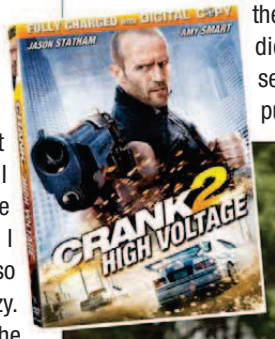
I came from Communist China, but I've also been on the cover of *Playboy* magazine. I've shown off everything I have—and everything I have is real. Now I'm here at HUSTLER, this men's sex magazine, and I'm part of all this craziness. It's all part of me, and I like that.

What inspired you to get into acting?

It is the freedom to unleash the extreme side of myself and not hurt anybody because it's pretend. In real life if I acted like my characters do, someone would call the police and lock me in jail. In film I can do extreme things to entertain people and give back for the life I get to live as an actress. I live a nice life. I travel first-class. A car brought me here today. You gave me coffee. I get that because I give my work to others.

Is sexuality an important part of your work?

Part of being a woman is I have this natural sensuality and sexuality. I find that all men, especially Western men, are drawn to me. There's something exciting there. As a performer, I feel I have to give the energy of sexuality to excite the gentlemen. Because if watching me gets them excited or puts them in good spirits, then they can forget about their troubles in life. Then I did something good to serve them. That is my purpose in life.



Is that why your nipples have popped out in public so often?

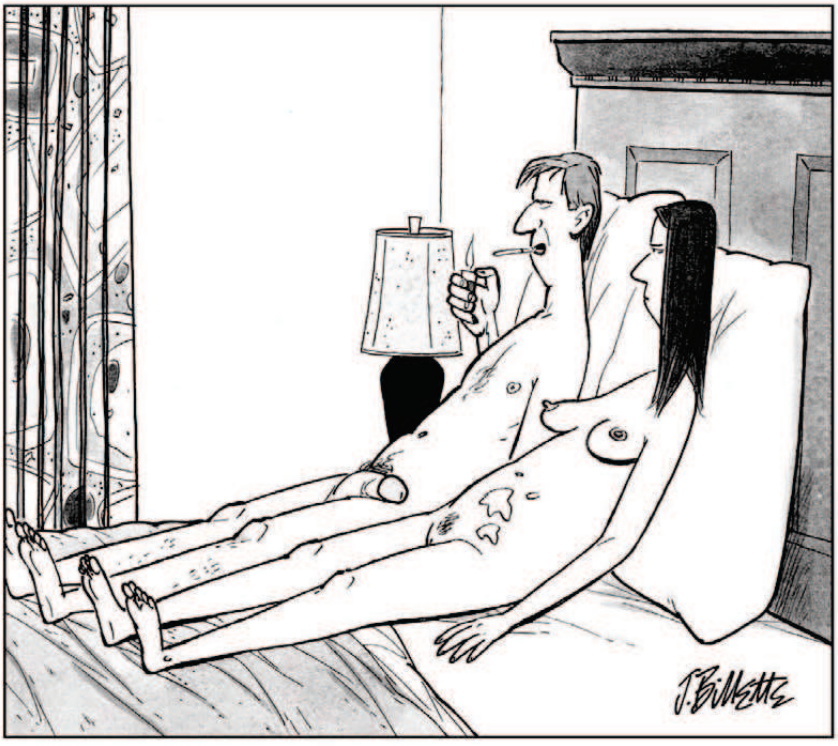
I know that when a magazine uses the picture where my nipple shows up, that is part of the job. It's the entertainment business. You have to sell magazines. Sometimes as an actor, part of our job is to be a clown. I read the gossip magazines. It's just fun for people to help them get through their lives. During heavy work you need some delightfulness. I'm here to bring that delightfulness. If photos of my nipples give a little smile to others, that is my duty. In exchange I get to enjoy the luxuries of being an actress.

What was it like working with Jason Statham?

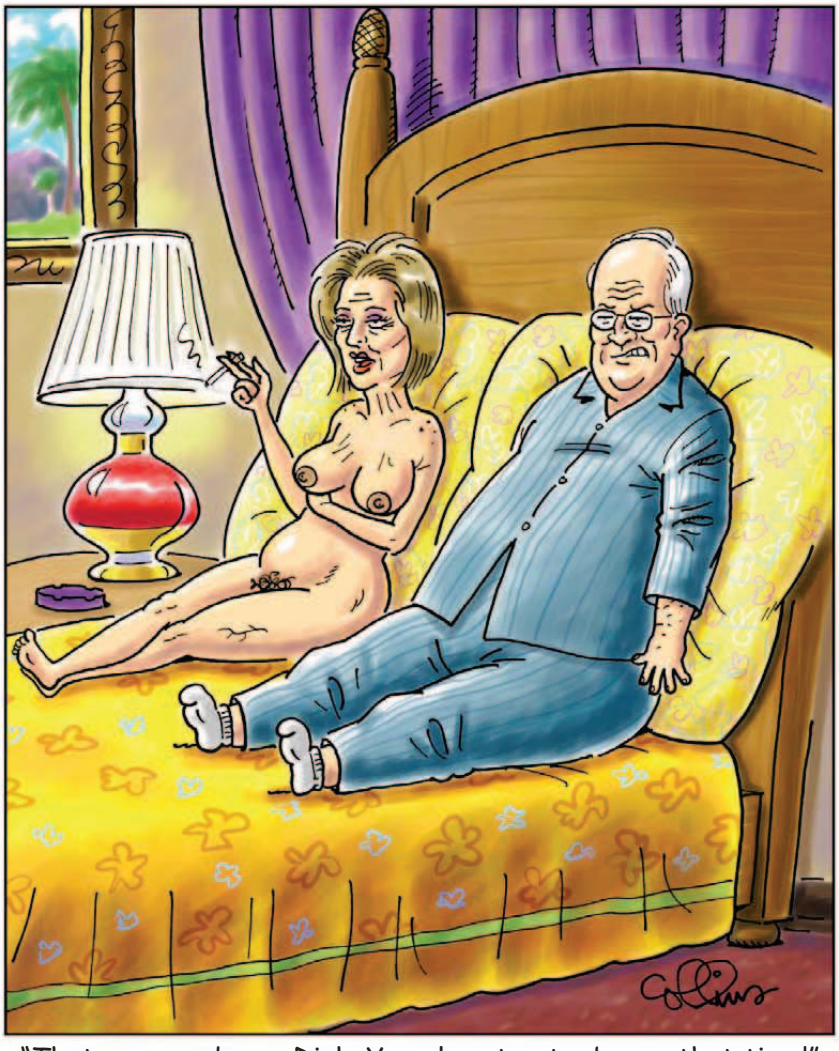
I have worked with a lot of stars: Richard Gere, Jodie Foster, Angelina Jolie, Jude Law, Will Smith and now Jason. The one thing I have really learned is no matter how big the star, they really dedicate everything they have to their work. You may not see it. When they are on set, they know every line. They never mess up. They talk to the director and know exactly what the director wants. They are not distracted by who's the bigger "star." They are so dedicated professionally.

Jason is so forceful. The best thing about him is he is a normal human being. He's not the most gorgeous movie star, but he has a sincerity and likability that people can relate to.

MOST EXOTIC WILD THING.



"Yeah, I have always ejaculated in less than a minute. That's how I roll!"



"That was good sex, Dick. You almost got a boner that time!"

That's the key to his success.

Why do you do a lot of your own stunts?

I can represent myself best for real. I like to do stunts. In *Sky Captain and the World of Tomorrow* I had a fight scene with Jude Law. The producer knew I was a little crazy, so he pulled me aside and said, "Don't hit Jude's face, because we have to do close-ups later." Jude didn't know martial arts. I was just learning. We did it a couple times, and I was being gentle. Jude says, "Bai Ling, are you okay? Just hit me. Really, it's fine." So on the next take, boom! I hit him on the forehead. I said, "I'm so sorry." He was so cool, he just brushed it off and said, "It's okay. Let's do it again!" I thought the producer was going to fire me!

Don't you worry about getting hurt?

I don't think that way, but I should. I was hit and almost killed by a wild leopard while filming in Budapest. I love wild animals. There was only one leopard in the world they said was trained enough to be in the film. He was huge and angry. I was so excited because I feel that in a previous life I was like that. That is why I have my cheetah tattoo.

The rehearsal day was cold, and I was all bundled in layers of clothes. I was sitting with this leopard and playing with him. The trainer said, "He's never been this friendly with anyone." I spent time with him, and they were convinced that we could work together. When the shooting day came, they gave me this thin red dress that is sexier than what I'm wearing now. It had feathers everywhere. I came on set. The leopard was unleashed, and something was making him uncomfortable. He started to come at me and growl. Because he smelled me. He came right between my legs and smelled. Then he roared up and hit me. I fell to the floor as the trainer rushed in and pulled him away. He could have taken my head off!

Is there anything you won't do on film?

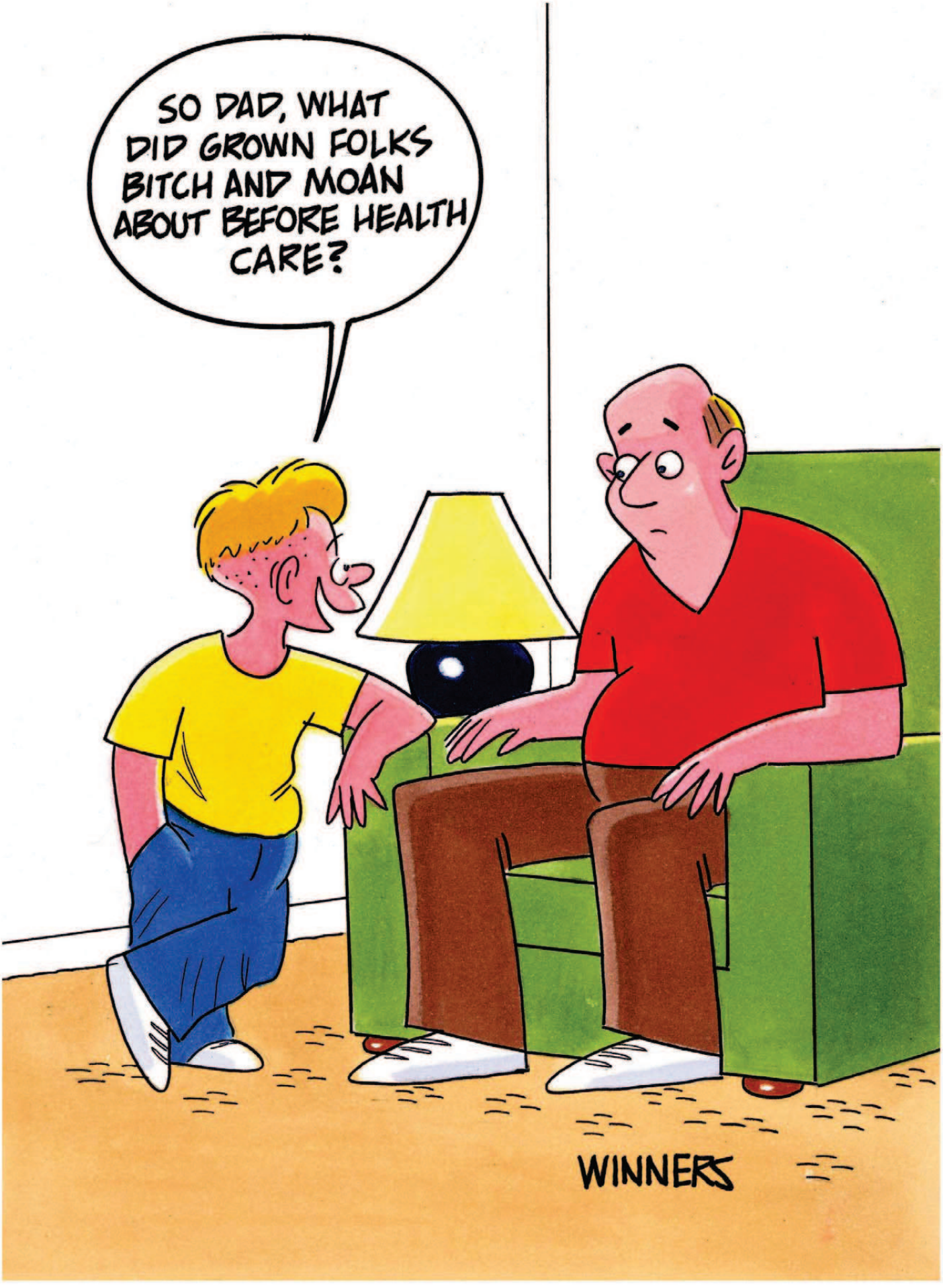
I have to be careful with guns because that is something too dangerous. You can't really play around. I was in the film *The Crow*. That was tragic what happened to Brandon Lee. I saw it. I learned from that. You have to be really careful.

What else do you remember about making *The Crow*?

Of course I remember the coldness and difficulty and struggle after losing Brandon Lee. His death was so sad because he was planning to get married the day after we finished filming. We only had eight days left. Everything was planned. Because we worked so closely, I felt so bad. When we came back to continue filming after he died, I saw him there onscreen. I felt like he was alive, but just took a different form. That made me happy. The movie made him immortal. That experience taught me to treasure moments you are given.

What is your favorite film?

If I have to pick, my *(continued on page 57)*


SO DAD, WHAT DID GROWN FOLKS BITCH AND MOAN ABOUT BEFORE HEALTH CARE?
WINNERS

Ever since the term was popularized in 1999's box office hit *American Pie* and went viral thanks to Rachel Hunter playing a bikini-clad MILF in the 2003 Fountains of Wayne music video "Stacy's Mom," Mothers I'd Like to Fuck have captured widespread attention. Here then is our salute to America's hottest moms.

Rachel Gunn

AGE: 35

LOCATION: St. Louis, Missouri

WEB SITE: RachelGunn.com

CHILDREN: 2, ages 11 and 15

It may be hard to believe, but Rachel once suffered from Ugly Duckling Syndrome. "I didn't grow into my face and body until I was in my 30s," she says.

Younger boys don't seem to mind that Rachel blossomed late in life. Her daughters' friends are always asking if she's their hot older sister. This, Rachel admits, has led to some embarrassing moments with her two girls. "We'd be carpooling to school," she recalls, "and my 11-year-old would say something like, 'Mom, the boys in my class think you have big boobs.'"

Aside from being noteworthy eye candy (she was voted Miss MySpace September 2007 and earned a spot in *Maxim* magazine's Hometown Hotties competition), Rachel is a talented writer.

PHOTOS BY MICHAEL SHORT

MILF MANIA #1:

BY CELESTE GONZALEZ

She garnered first place in a TNJPoetry.com contest, and her novel *Over on the East Side* (Chipmunka Publishing) came out in 2008.

Rachel's shy and introverted personality lays low once she undresses for her Web site photo sessions. "It's a great artistic release," the open-minded Midwesterner confides, "and I can slip into any character I want to be."

Although a perfect lady on the street, Rachel is a freak between the sheets. Handcuffs and whipped cream are among her bedroom accessories when she role-plays. "I have a wild imagination," raves Rachel, whose favorite roles include a teacher, student, cop and prisoner. "I can be anyone I want to be."

RACHEL GUNN

MILF MANIA ★ MILF MANIA ★ MILF MANIA

PHOTO BY J. SETA GARCIA

(continued from page 52) favorite is *Red Corner* because I got this respect from everybody. I'm an actress, but I don't act. Acting is very simple. Children and old people all give honest truth. I do that as an actor. I give the honest truth. If you lie on film, it's obvious.

Tell us about the aliens living inside you.

They are spirits. I see them. I see ghosts everywhere all the time, and they're not scary. They wear miniskirts and have cool hair.

Were you really cut out of *Star Wars Episode III* for posing nude in *Playboy*?

That was a mystery. I've learned in life to ask less questions now as to why things happen. When you break up with somebody, you desperately want to know why. After six months it doesn't even matter. After one year it matters less. I do still have questions as to why, but some questions are meant not to have an answer. Still today I don't know why I was cut out, whether it was being in *Playboy* or not. The beauty is it doesn't matter. I was involved with two of the biggest icons in American culture: George Lucas and Hugh Hefner. That experience to me was a gift.

What do you think is the biggest misconception about you?

Some people call me a slut. They think that I'm cheap or stupid. If people got to know me, like through my blog (**OfficialBaiLing.com**), they will know my soul. I'm probably one of the most unique and intelligent people you can meet. I have a great outlook on life. I'm a woman, and I'm sexy. I'm an easy target. If you dare to trash me, then you should dare to celebrate me. I am an angel. You can't crush me.

Any chance you'll pose nude for HUSTLER?

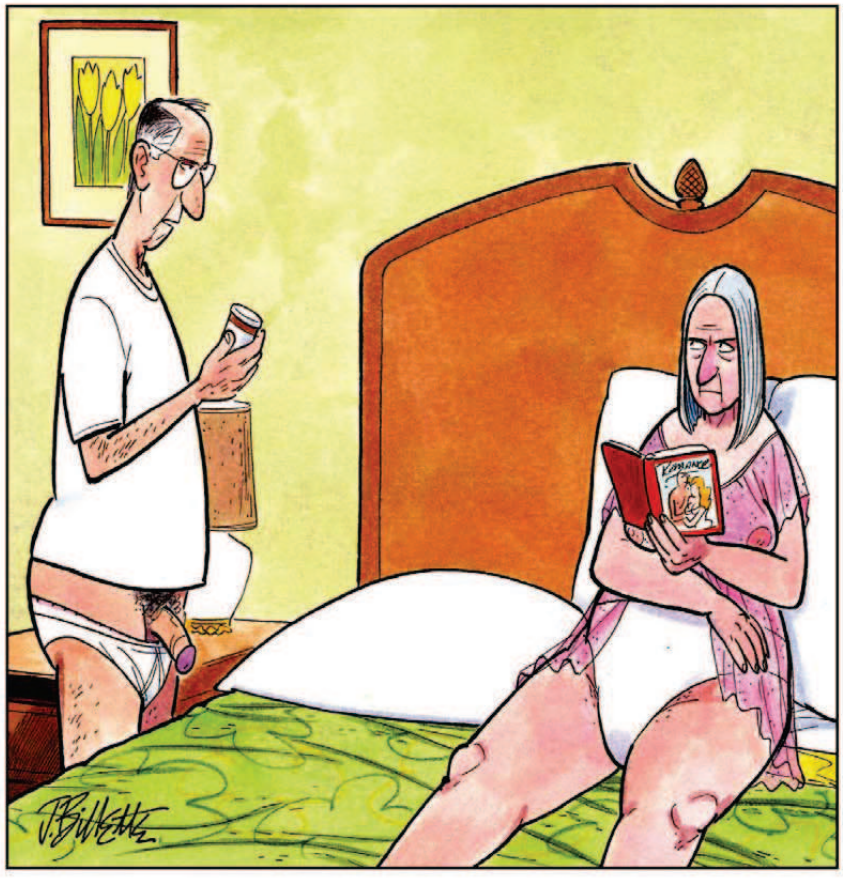
I'm not sure because I don't read this magazine. When I was voted as one of *People* magazine's "50 Most Beautiful People," I wasn't excited. My manager said, "Why aren't you excited?" I said, "What is this *People* magazine?" I didn't know it. In my country of China this is porno. I would probably have to read one issue to decide.

Tell us about your upcoming flick *Love Ranch*.

It's about the first legal brothel in Nevada. I was lucky enough to work with Helen Mirren and Joe Pesci. I am so excited for this movie to come out. The role was originally written for a white girl in her 20s with big boobs. In the film she is the highest earner of all the prostitutes. I got the part because of my natural sensuality. I expressed the joy of being me, and that seduces men.

How do you seduce men?

By *not* seducing them. I guarantee if they have a hundred people coming in to an audition, my natural confidence and the openness of my sensuality will get me noticed.



"Should I take a Viagra or is Mammoth Cave National Park closed today?"

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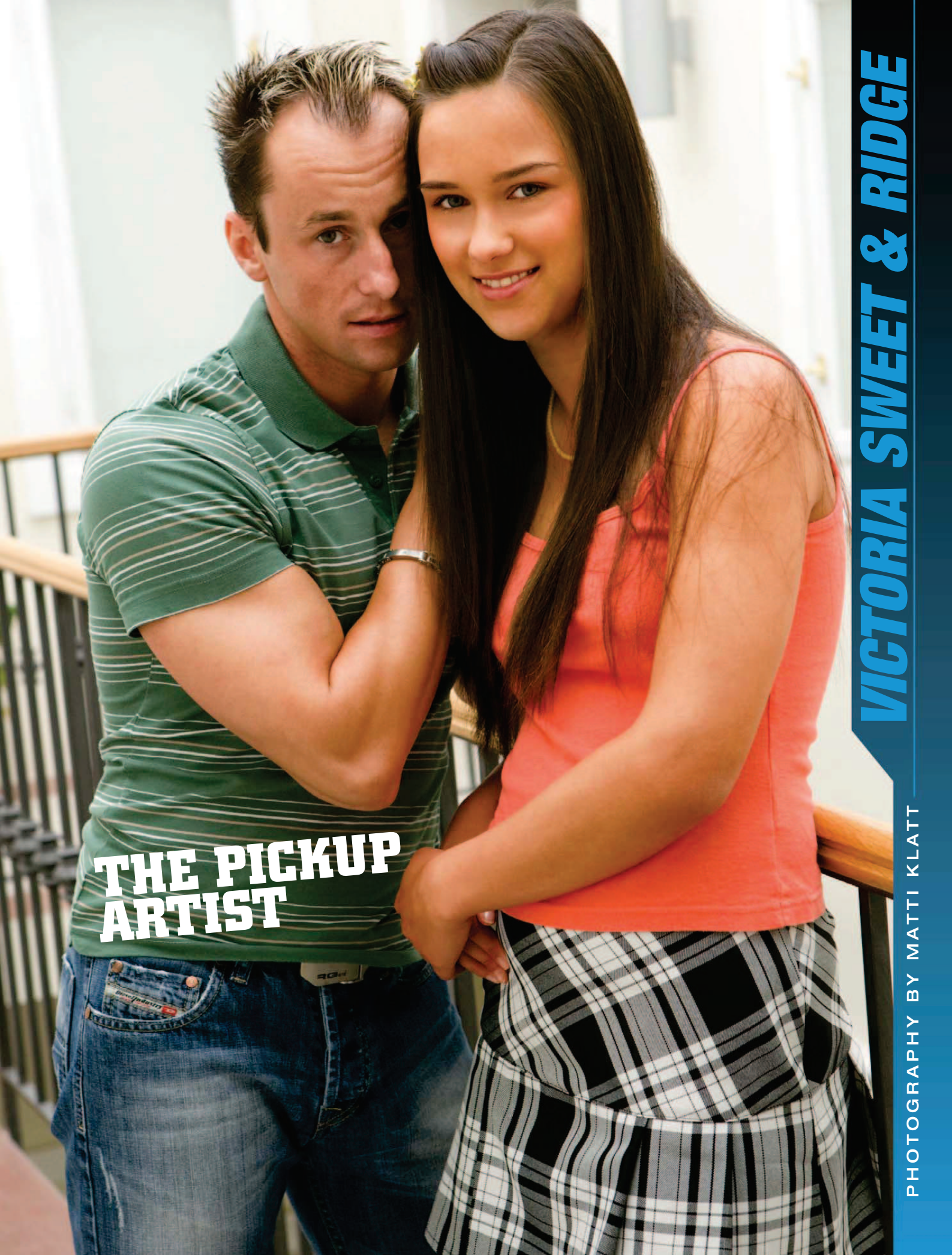


THE PICKUP ARTIST

VICTORIA SWEET & RIDGE

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MATTI KLATT

Ever wonder how a dude like this gets to fuck supercute **Victoria Sweet** while you're at home alone jerking off? Maybe it's your pickup lines. Here are some of the worst ones of all time. Chances are you've used one or two.

•I lost my number. Can I have yours?

•Your dad must be a baker because you have nice buns.

•If I could rearrange the alphabet, I would put *U* and *I* together.

•You must be a librarian because I'm checking you out.

•That's a lovely blouse. It would look great hanging from my bedpost.

•You must be a traffic citation because you have *fine* written all over you.

•What do you like on your pancakes? Because I need to know what to make you for breakfast in the morning.

•You must be tired because you've been running through my mind all day.

•If I told you that you had a nice body, would you hold it against me?

•Did it hurt when you fell from heaven?

•You must have a mirror in your pocket because I can see myself in your pants.

•Nice shoes. Wanna fuck?

SCREEN NAME:

Gina Benelli

AGE: 26
LOCATION: FRIDLEY, MINNESOTA
STATUS: IN A RELATIONSHIP
NUMBER OF MYSPACE FRIENDS: 2,360
URL: MYSPACE.COM/GINABENELLI

"I love being naked, and I get off on being watched," Gina Benelli confesses. "The naughty girl I am today and my thirst for sexual adventure stem back to the strict Catholic household I was brought up in. Many of my sexual firsts were with other curious schoolgirls."

Now of age, Gina is a self-professed "expert in the sack" who knows precisely what's required to satiate all spectrums of her twisted desires: a lover with a soft touch and the ability to give it to her rough. If he or she is also attractive, honest and has a high sex drive, it's pretty much game on.

"Feeling a hard cock swell when it's ready to come and then watching it explode all over me is orgasmic," Gina insists. "Putting cold things into my warm pussy—like a chilled wine bottle or a Bomb Pop from the ice cream man—really makes me drip. One afternoon I used an ice-cold can of Red Bull to rub my dripping-wet pussy so I could tease my man while he was driving."

Although Gina's happily involved, that doesn't rule out bringing home other young hotties to play with. The popular MySpace enthusiast has racked up a long list of sleazy pals, and there's no way she's going to slow down now.

"I've had some wild encounters at concerts," Gina adds. "My favorite is when I got to suck my man's cock while getting my cookie eaten by my naughty girlfriend in a backstage dressing room. I was soaked and wetter than ever. The thought of getting caught only added to the excitement. Who's coming? We were—and hard!"

BY MICHELLE McCARTHY

THE GIRLS OF MYSPACE #40

OPEN AUDITIONS: Hey, ladies! Think you have what it takes to be a HUSTLER Girl of MySpace? If you are 18 years of age or older, send us an introductory message and a photo as instructed at **MySpace.com/HustlerMagazine** or e-mail ***Hustler@LFP.com***.

PHOTOS BY TOMMY LEE ROTH

RODEO DANGER

PORN WEBMASTER XXXTRAORDINAIRE

GETTING PAID TO SHOOT HOT PORN STARS MIGHT JUST BE THE PERFECT GIG.

Lisa Ann, best known for her dead-on portrayal of Alaska's frighteningly dumb but eminently fuckable ex-governor in *Who's Nailin' Paylin?* and its sequels, is sitting stark naked on a couch. *Lucky dildo,* I think to myself as she seductively engulfs a huge black phallus with her formidable breasts. Clearly, this woman's a porn star for a reason. She can even make performing with an inanimate co-star look hot.

"Are you hard yet?" Lisa Ann purrs. "Because I wish this was really *your* huge cock between my titties, Yuri."

Yuri? Who the hell is Yuri?! He's certainly not in the room. Only the laid-back dude behind the camera and yours truly, a humble HUSTLER reporter, are sharing this special moment of rubber romance with Lisa Ann. So how come some invisible stranger with a goofy, foreign-sounding spy name gets a customized, reasonably erotic, boob-rubbing shout-out?

The answer, of course, is money.

The voluptuous lady is making a series of personalized DVDs for a few of the financially generous fans that subscribe to her official Internet site, **TheLisaAnn.com**. Manning the camera is the session's organizer, Brian Gage, a/k/a Rodeo Danger, the president of the Brand Danger porn network.

That's right, a porn network featuring adult stars in their own Web shows along with original XXX documentary-style programming, all strung together under the Brand Danger moniker. While it ain't quite CBS, Mr. Gage's high-quality smut is raking in super-serious cash. That's especially surprising because it all started out of his old apartment with a $2,500 investment.

PHOTOS BY M. ALLEN NATHAN

"I was a business marketing major at Ohio State," Gage cheerfully explains to me. "And for one of my class assignments I handed in an online adult-entertainment model. The teacher said it wasn't going to work."

Those who *can't*, teach. And in the case of Brian Gage, those who *can*, find a viable career while having the time of their lives. Gage works with the biggest names in porn, helping them design and maintain their personal Web sites, as well as assisting in the production of short films for either general distribution or affluent fans like Yuri. Besides Lisa Ann, an ever-growing list of sultry superstars—including A-listers Kayden Kross, Kagney Linn Karter and Aria Giovanni—now lie naked under the hot lights at Gage's downtown Los Angeles studio.

"He makes me laugh forever," giggles Giovanni several days earlier. The curvy brunette is doing a live interview/let-me-satisfy-your-fetish segment with coproducer Holly Randall, the world-famous erotic photographer.

"I'm Aria's personal Kramer," shrugs Gage, paying homage to the *Seinfeld* sidekick.

Rodeo Danger unmasked! Lisa Ann toys with the Webmaster.

The camcorder loves her: Aria Giovanni tames the wild Web.

"I just try to create an atmosphere that's relaxed so the performers can feel spontaneous and natural."

There are a lot of porn sites to choose from, and they all advertise with the same catchy adjectives: *steamy*, *hot*, *horny*, *sultry* and *sexy*. Gage certainly delivers in those areas, but he also offers something that's far less run-of-the-mill: laugh-out-loud interludes.

"Howard Stern is a big influence," Gage explains. "He's an expert at pushing the limits."

And Gage pushes—hard. His alluring ladies not only get expertly banged by male mainstays like Evan Stone and Erik Everhard, but they also get schtupped by hooded ninjas or chatted up on camera by unsuspecting real-life deliverymen who've stopped by the set.

In addition to hard-core sex, Brand Danger provides an endless stream of funny banter while the steamy, hot, horny, sexy sluts deal with weird props, stuffed-animal characters and generally absurd moments. (Reading the news topless and cracking jokes during sex are de rigueur bits in the live shows.) It's carefully planned chaos, and Gage's charges all love him for it.

"He's really special," raves Holly Randall, who knows more than a little about "special" in this area. Her mom is legendary skin-biz photographer Suze Randall. "Brian is very innovative. Funny, smart and always looking for a way to do things more creatively."

But Gage wasn't always the beloved Webmaster on the cutting edge of erotic revelry. His destiny was pretty unclear when he got out of college.

"I thought I wanted to be a writer," he confesses, "of children's books."

Four were published, notably *The Saddest Little Robot*, which the American Booksellers Association included in its best kids books of 2004. But Gage felt unfulfilled, both creatively and financially.

"I was having trouble writing, and I was also having trouble paying my bills," he recalls. "It was the height of the dot-com era, and I was in San Francisco at the time. I was always interested in Web design, so I started reading all these manuals and taught myself how to do it."

Before long, Gage had given up spinning yarns for kids. Now he found himself working

as a Web consultant for mainstream companies like Adobe and Cisco Systems—and hating every minute of it. "Corporate cubicle jobs," he shudders. "No fun at all. I was miserable."

In the fall of 2000, after the dot-com bubble burst, Gage relocated to Los Angeles. There he was introduced to the person who changed his life forever: nude model-turned-entrepreneur Danni Ashe.

It's been estimated that Danni Ashe's image has been downloaded off the Internet nearly a billion times. She's the only woman in the world who has appeared on the front of both the *Wall Street Journal* and *Juggs* magazine. Ashe made millions all because she was one of the very first adult-industry luminaries to properly market her image online.

Gage landed a job as a Web designer for Ashe's company. "Danni Ashe was a great innovator in the adult business," he recalls. "I'm doing what I do today because of her. She showed me that you could make an adult Web site [Danni's Hard Drive] a viable source of income." Her genius, according to Gage, was "establishing real relationships with her fans; she was an online sexual surrogate."

However, as much as he enjoyed working for Ashe, Gage never forgot about his college marketing project: the online adult-entertainment network. After about 18 months at Danni's Hard Drive, he was ready to venture out on his own. Like most typical entrepreneurs, he started out small, setting up a makeshift studio in his living room.

"It got crazy," the Webmaster remembers. "My walls were pretty thin, and the fucking was pretty loud. My landlord got complaints. I had to convince him I had a noisy girlfriend and really wasn't murdering someone. Finally, before a Web show, I would just give my neighbors some money to go out to dinner."

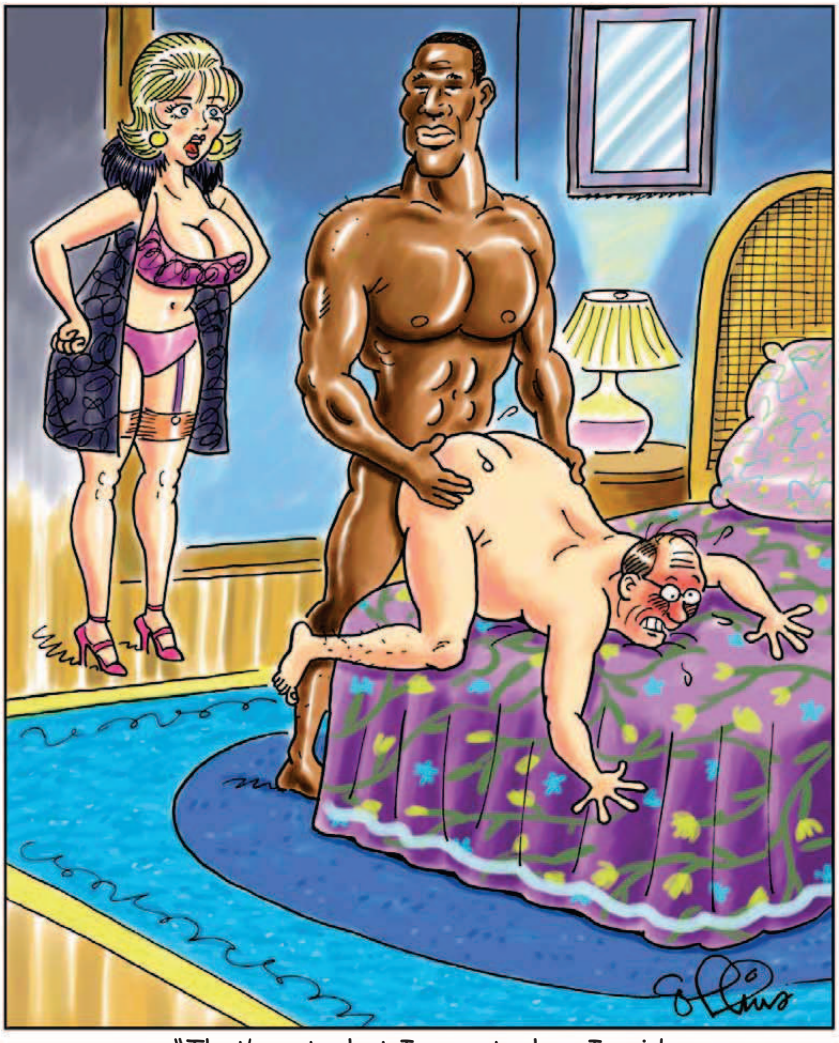
But that was then. Now Brian Gage is ensconced in a chic, bi-level loft studio, surrounded by the latest high-definition equipment as he peers through a state-of-the-art camera's viewfinder, carefully recording Lisa Ann's expertise with that giant black dildo.

"You make me so hot, Yuri," Lisa Ann repeats convincingly. "I wish this was you inside me."

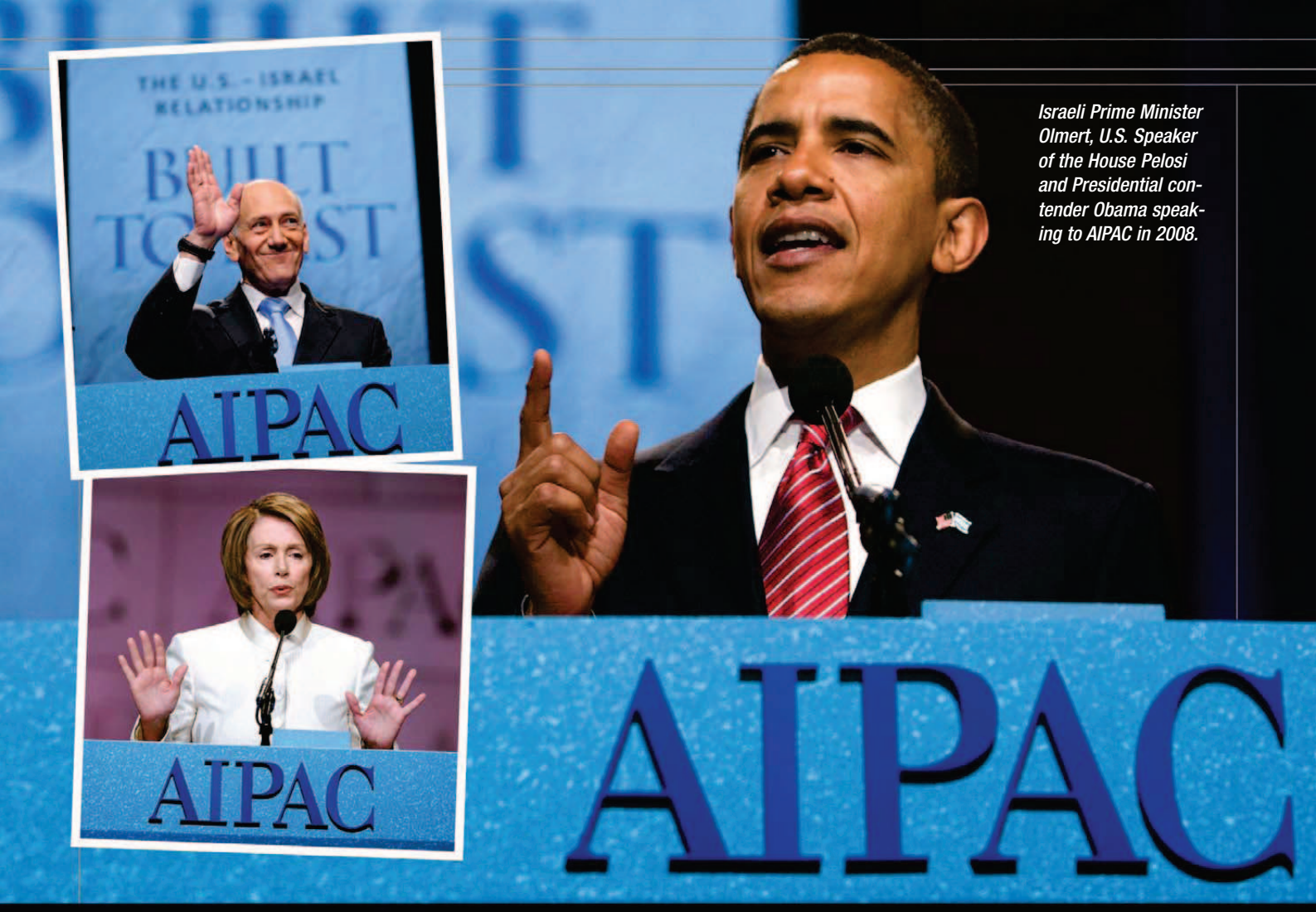
Then, as Lisa Ann begins to languorously lick the tip of the fake black dick, her expression abruptly changes. "Yecch," she pouts, pushing the latex toy away from her lips. Clearly, she's no longer concerned with Yuri's sexual satisfaction. "Someone's supposed to wash these things after you take them out of the plastic."

A spontaneous, weird and funny moment. In other words, classic Brand Danger.

Television writer/director M. Allen Nathan is a two-time Emmy Award-winner. He also works as a script doctor on major Hollywood films.



"That's not what I meant when I said I wanted you to fuck my asshole!"



Israeli Prime Minister Olmert, U.S. Speaker of the House Pelosi and Presidential contender Obama speaking to AIPAC in 2008.

THE ISRAELIS NEXT DOOR

Israel's military dominance in the Middle East depends heavily on U.S. aid, totaling more than $140 billion since the Jewish state's inception in 1948. Any reduction in that generous support terrifies our ally because U.S. policy is considered absolutely crucial for Israel's survival as the regional hegemon. This explains why its intelligence and political action network, unrivaled by that of any other foreign power, has penetrated deep within the U.S. government to ensure that American policy remains beneficial to Israel's national interests even if detrimental to our own.

"It's sickening how much reach the Israelis have here," a veteran CIA officer tells HUSTLER. Another former CIA officer, author Michael Scheuer, puts it more bluntly: "The relationship is criminal, both literally and figuratively. There are a lot of people in

HOW ISRAEL DICTATES U.S. POLICY IN THE MIDDLE EAST

the U.S. government in trusted positions who don't see a difference between being a U.S. citizen and a friend of Israel."

Examples of Israeli penetration abound. In 2005 the National Security Agency secretly wiretapped conversations between Representative Jane Harman (D-California) and an unnamed Israeli intelligence agent. He promised Harman the prized chairmanship of the House Intelligence Committee if she intervened on behalf of two suspected Israeli spies facing jail time in a Department of Justice (DOJ) prosecution.

How does a foreign intelligence operative have the sway to fix such appointments? Look to the American Israel Public Affairs Committee (AIPAC), the powerhouse lobby that funnels millions of dollars into congressional elections to ensure that pro-Israel lawmakers get elected and stay in office. AIPAC, which ostensibly conducts its work as a legal lobby, has long been a suspected front for Israeli covert action—in other words, a group engaged in illegal intelligence activities against the U.S. government.

The Israeli agent's 2005 conversation with Harman, first reported by *Congressional Quarterly* magazine in April 2009, was stunning. At the time, two veteran AIPAC policy players—Steven Rosen and Keith Weissman—were under indictment on charges of passing classified information to Israel. The secrets, gleaned from a mole in the Pentagon, specifically concerned U.S. policy vis-à-vis Iran, with pro-Israel lobbyists pushing hard for a U.S. attack on the Iranian mullahs. According to the DOJ indictment, Rosen was suspected of handing over classified information to the Israelis as early as 1999.

For her part, Harman was asked to pressure the DOJ to reduce the charges against the two men. The congresswoman happily assented, saying she'd "waddle into" the case "if you think it'll make a difference," according to the NSA transcript.

In addition to handing Harman the committee chairmanship, the Israeli agent promised to funnel campaign contributions to Harman's fellow California Democrat Nancy Pelosi, today the Speaker of the House. The source of the campaign cash? Media billionaire Haim Saban, the chief moneyman behind the Brookings Institution's Saban Center for Middle East Policy.

It's unknown whether Harman—who concluded her phone call with the Israeli agent by saying "This conversation doesn't exist"—did in fact intervene in the case. But on May 3, 2009, the DOJ dropped the charges against the two AIPAC staffers, who went free, presumably to continue spying in the United States. Harman, who should have been investigated, remains an elected representative of the American people. It's as if the incident never happened.

Big money infused into the political system, secrets stolen from the Pentagon, quasi-criminal collusion with a congresswoman—all in a day's work for the Israeli intelligence-and-influence machine.

How would the United States react if some other country's intelligence apparatus behaved this way? Would there be total silence if England, France or Germany did this? Most likely our elected officials would be screaming, and journalists would spread it through every news source, just as they should.

COVERT OPERATIONS

In his explosive 1974 book *The CIA and the Cult of Intelligence*, Victor Marchetti—arguably one of the most authoritative whistleblowers in CIA history—details how a spy service works to pursue its "national interest" via covert action.

Marchetti writes that the efficient way to conduct covert action is not through violent intervention—mounting bloody coups or bankrolling insurgents—but through the soft touch of "penetrations." This involves using sympathetic journalists to build propaganda outlets in the media, as well as financing political parties to make sure the "right" people get into office. It also requires placing "agents of influence" as intellectuals and scholars, often gathered in think tanks, and tapping into the telecommunications system to establish electronic surveillance.

Some CIA officers will admit a grudging respect for the success Israel has achieved. "They're running a terrific campaign in the U.S., both covert and overt," says ex-CIA analyst Larry C. Johnson.

Let's run through the checklist and see how Israel fares.

Finding Friends in the Media: Pro-Israel pundits are salted throughout the U.S. media. Just look at the kowtowing to right-wing Israeli interests on the editorial pages of the *Wall Street Journal* and *Washington Post*. Israel also seems to have a voice on "America's most trusted source for news," CNN.

Before rising as CNN's star anchor, Wolf Blitzer worked for AIPAC and the *Jerusalem Post*. He wrote a book-length apologia about Jonathan Pollard, who in the 1980s compromised U.S. security more than perhaps any other spy in the past 30 years. Blitzer, who once traveled the American TV talk show circuit as the "voice of Israel," has an American passport. From a covert-action standpoint, that makes him a more effective asset.

Pumping Cash Into Political Parties: During the 2008 election cycle, pro-Israel PACs (political action committees) contributed some $3.6 million to various Democratic and Republican congressional candidates. In fact, pro-Israel campaign contributions were eclipsed only by the $4 million in PAC money from the National Association of Realtors. *Fortune* magazine rates Israel as having the number one foreign-policy lobby, while the lobby's chief arm of operations, AIPAC, regularly attracts as billed speakers the most powerful people in Washington. Just about every 2008 Presidential candidate addressed an AIPAC gathering.

Watchdog Grant Smith, director of the Institute for Research: Middle Eastern Policy, suggests that AIPAC is no run-of-the-mill political action committee. "I am most troubled by AIPAC's history of subverting the rule of law in America," he tells HUSTLER.

This goes back to the founding of AIPAC in 1951, when the Justice Department sought to register the group formally as a propagandist for a foreign power. But due mostly, some say, to the influence and money it pumps into the American political system, AIPAC was never forced to comply.

"In 1984 AIPAC obtained a classified government report it used to negotiate a highly damaging trade agreement with the U.S.," Smith adds. "In the late 1980s, AIPAC was

"I'll just come out with it: Your father and I are getting a divorce. But it's important that you kids realize it is absolutely all your fault!"

"So when you're not bending over backwards trying to get Republicans to like you, what do you do to relax?"

found to have 'probably' violated federal election laws in forming and directing PAC expenditures to favored candidates." What's more, according to Smith, AIPAC has helped Israeli arms manufacturers traffic stolen military systems intelligence to third countries.

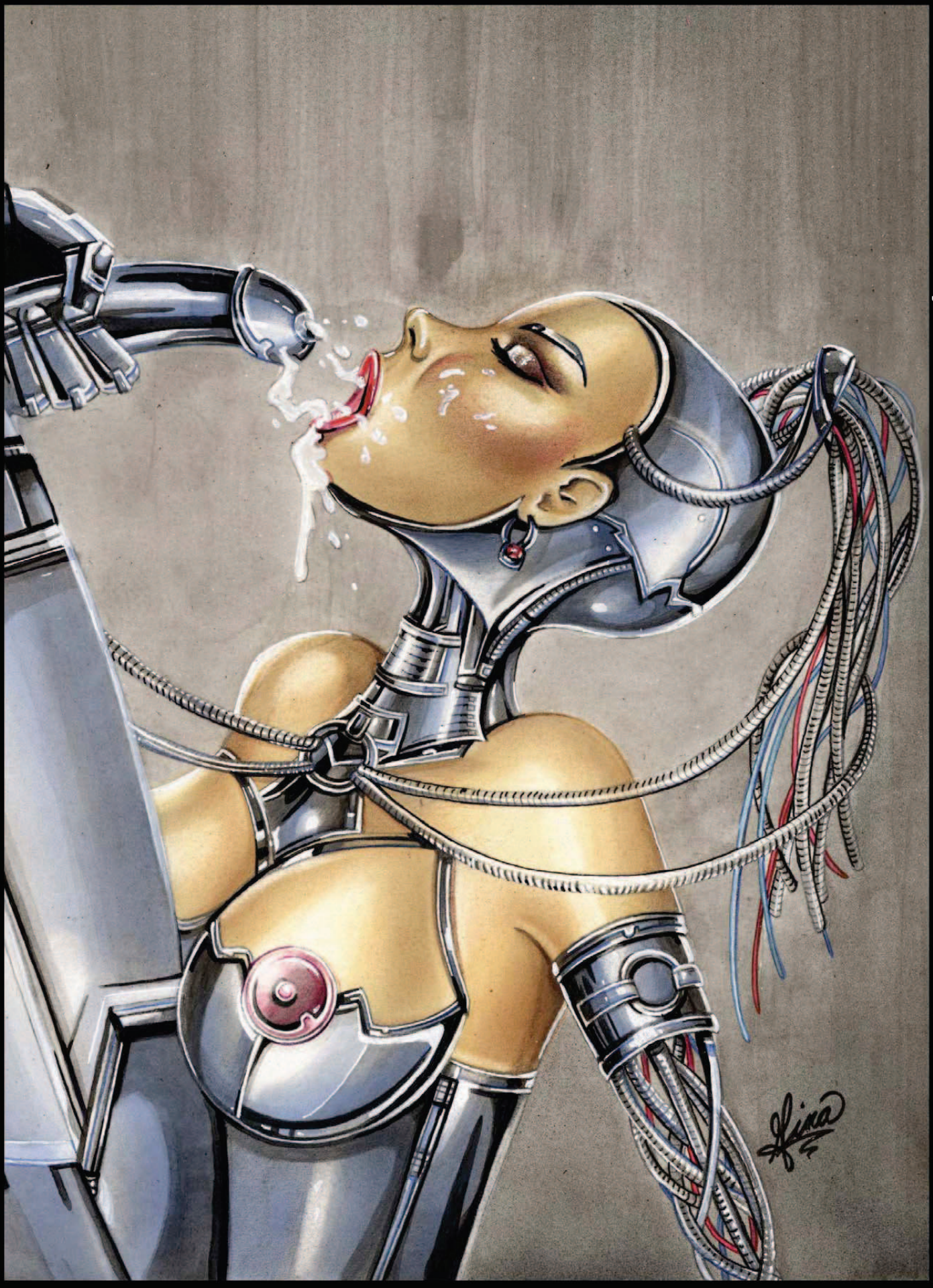
In his 2007 book *Foreign Agents*, Smith charges that AIPAC has effectively laundered money to disguise the financial support given by U.S. groups, both Jewish and Christian, to the construction of illegal settlements in the West Bank. "AIPAC has corrupted U.S. governance to advance the interests of a foreign state," Smith points out.

Getting the "Right" People Into Office: When, in the spring of 2009, the Obama Administration named veteran diplomat and Middle East expert Charles Freeman to chair the National Intelligence Council—a key position in formulating U.S. foreign policy—the Israeli lobby went on the attack. Freeman's "crime" was offering a damning assessment of Israel's controversial behavior in the Occupied Territories and its negative impact on U.S. standing in the Arab world. Steven Rosen, one of the accused spies employed by AIPAC, had the chutzpah to spearhead the attack on Freeman, who, in March 2009, resigned from the post, with Barack Obama saying nothing in his defense.

Freeman later issued a blistering public statement: "The tactics of the Israel lobby plumb the depths of dishonor and indecency and include character assassination, selective misquotation, the willful distortion of the record, the fabrication of falsehoods and an utter disregard for the truth. The aim of this lobby is control of the policy process through the exercise of a veto over the appointment of people who dispute the wisdom of its views."

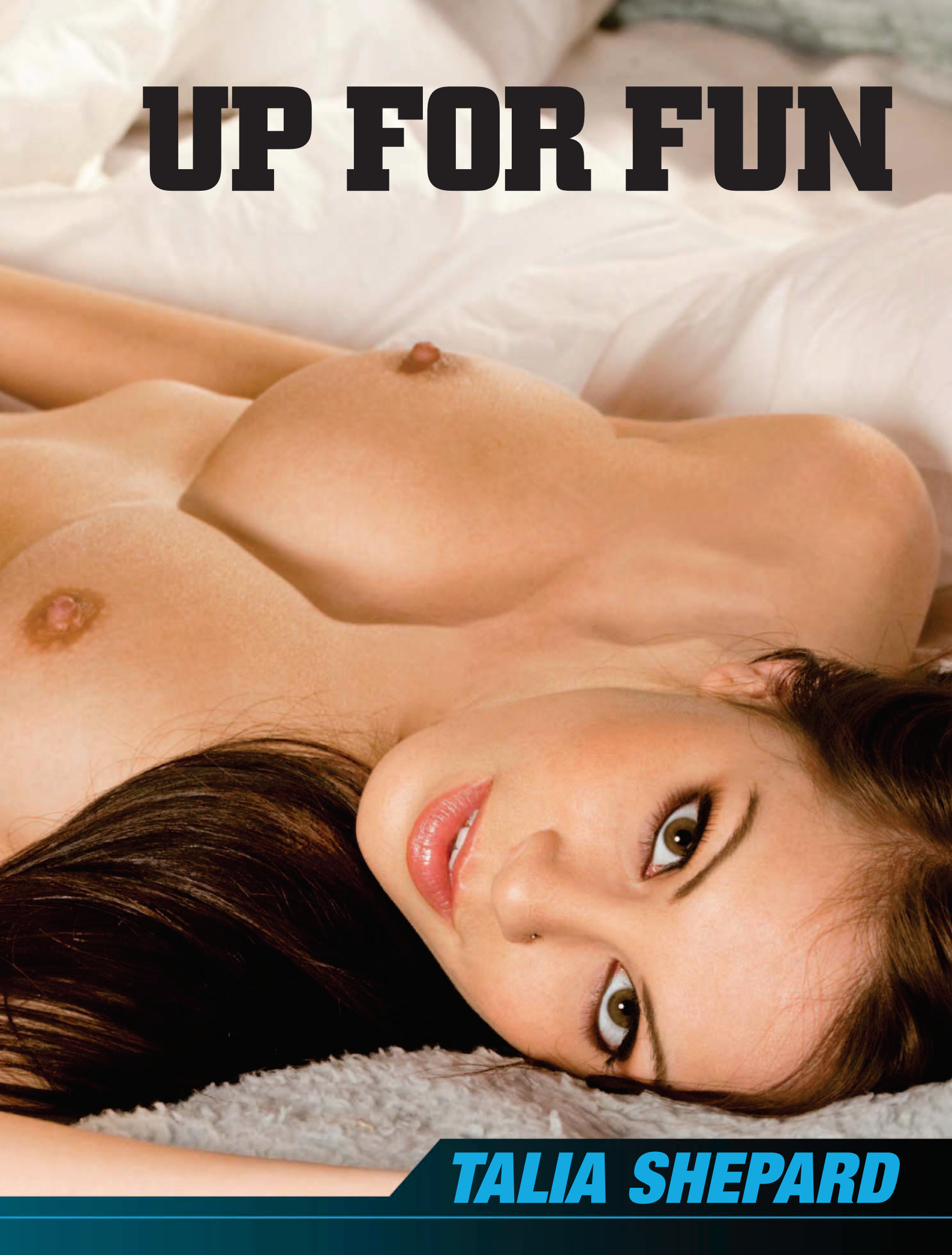
Nevertheless, the Obama Administration boasts an assortment of pro-Israel players. White House Chief of Staff Rahm Emanuel was a staunch supporter of Israel during his stint in Congress, and when the first Gulf War broke out in 1991, he signed up with the Israeli Defense Forces. Meanwhile, Obama's special envoy to Iran, Dennis Ross—whose consistent pro-Israel bias was evident during the Israeli-Palestinian peace talks—has sided with AIPAC in pushing for aggressive U.S. action against Iran.

Building Think Tanks: The American Enterprise Institute, the Project for a New American Century and the Jewish Institute for National Security Affairs seek to advance Israel's interests by influencing Congress and the executive branch. Top players in these powerful think tanks have included Douglas Feith, Paul Wolfowitz and Richard Perle, who pushed the George W. Bush Administration to invade and occupy Iraq. This arguably benefited Israel's hard-right Likudniks while ensnaring our nation in what one decorated Army general called "the greatest strategic disaster in U.S. history." It comes as no surprise that Feith, Wolfowitz and Perle were each at one time investigated for passing U.S. secrets to Israel. None *(continued on page 89)*



PHOTOGRAPHY BY MARK LIT FOR DIGITAL DESIRE

UP FOR FUN



TALIA SHEPARD

"Who isn't up for fun?" asks fresh new face **Talia Shepard**. "I love to go to parties with my girlfriends and meet cute guys. I'm a big flirt. I can't wait to turn 21 so I can go to the coolest clubs. Actually, I can't wait to experience all that life has in store for me!"

Tell us more, **Talia**.

"Wow!" she hoots. "I expect big things and lots of joy. I figure in life you really get what you give. I give out a lot of positive energy and pleasure, and I tend to get that back. The same goes for sex. If you give me an unforgettable, earth-shattering orgasm, you'll get one in return. If you don't, then you're left home alone with just my pictures in HUSTLER to get you off."

Thank ungodly heat for getting this innocent-looking girl-next-door to expose her tantalizing bod. “I grew up in Arizona, where it’s usually hotter than hell,” **Talia** explains. “Most summer days the temperature hits triple digits. I spent a lot of time wearing next to nothing. Then as I started to blossom, I wore even less. Being naked really is no big deal. You’re born into this world naked. So why not be naked in public or at least in HUSTLER?”

TALIA SHEPARD'S VITAL FACTS: HOMETOWN: Gilbert, Arizona | AGE: 20 | BIRTH SIGN: Libra | HEIGHT: 5-5 | WEIGHT: 108

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Get Naked
With M
xoxo

d
ne!
Talia Shepard

Two hillbillies were discussing whose wife was dumber. "Mine is so fucking stupid," Eb boasted, "she bought an air conditioner and one o' them clothes-washin' machines, but we ain't got no 'lectricity or plumbin'!"

"Shit, I can beat that!" Billy Bob chimed in. "I just found six condoms in my dumb bitch wife's purse, and she ain't got no pecker!"

Apple announced it has developed a breast implant that can store and play music. The iTit will cost from $499 to $699, depending on cup and speaker size. This is a major breakthrough because women are always complaining about men staring at their breasts and not listening to them.

What's the world coming to? There's mad cow disease, so we can't eat beef. Then there's bird flu, which puts chicken on the shit list! Now comes the swine flu, so kiss pork goodbye! We guess the only safe thing to eat these days is pussy!

Bill came home late one night and drunkenly proclaimed to his wife, "I now have a $100 bill tattooed on my dick."

"What the hell were you thinking?!" his disgusted missus bellowed.

"Well," Bill explained, "I like to watch my money grow, once in a while I like to play with my money, and I like how my money feels in my hand. So whenever you get the urge to go shopping, dear, you can stay right at home and blow a hundred bucks!"

Mort was driving to the bowling alley with his best friend when out of the blue he tossed out, "Hey, Jimbo, did you know that elks have sex ten to 15 times a night?"

"Shit!" Jimbo snorted. "I just joined the Moose Lodge."

Speaker of the House Nancy Pelosi was about to introduce the Pope, who would be addressing a huge crowd in the nation's capital. As they stood onstage, the Pontiff whispered, "With one wave of my hand I can make every person here go wild with joy. The joy they feel will not be momentary; it will stay with them for the rest of their lives. Yes, whenever they speak of this day, they will rejoice!"

Thinking the Holy Father was a little too full of himself, Pelosi taunted, "I seriously doubt that with one little wave of your hand this crowd will go crazy! Show me."

Then the Pope slapped her cheek.

Question: What did Cinderella do when she got to the ball?

Answer: She choked.

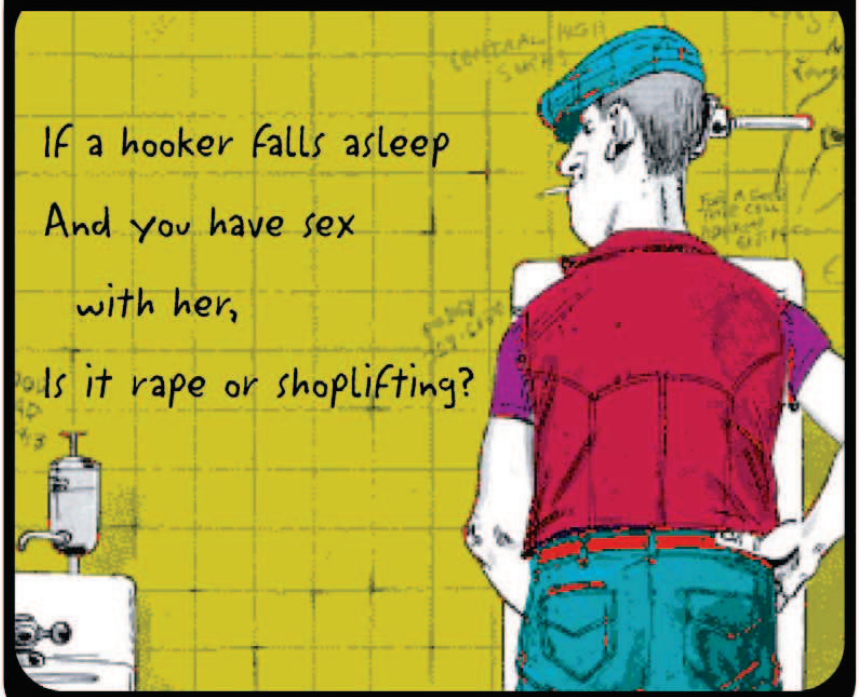
As a couple's wedding anniversary approached, the wife gleefully hinted to her husband, "I'd like something that goes from zero to 150 in three seconds." So he bought her a bathroom scale.

Wanting to get his attention, the passenger in the backseat of a taxi tapped the driver on the shoulder. The cabbie about shit his pants. He screamed and lost control of the vehicle, which swerved onto a sidewalk before screeching to a halt, barely missing a mom pushing a baby carriage.

"I didn't realize a mere tap on the shoulder would frighten you so much," the passenger remarked.

"I'm sorry," the shaken cabbie stammered. "This is my first day driving a taxi. I drove a hearse for the past 25 years."

GRAFFILTHY



Thanks and $50 go to Tracey H.

HUSTLER Humor jokes are provided by our readers. If you've heard a gut-buster lately, or have a "poem" befitting a bathroom wall, why not send it our way? Submit your witty stuff to HUSTLER Joke Page, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211; or by e-mail to *HUSTLER@LFP.com*. If your item appears here, we'll send you a check for $50. Sorry—we cannot return submissions.

(continued from page 74) were indicted. (See *The Traitors Among Us*, HUSTLER February '09.)

Tapping the Telecom Network: Israeli wiretapping companies with close connections to Israel's intelligence services, particularly Mossad, provide their hardware and software to the U.S. National Security Agency for the electronic surveillance of American citizens. Journalist James Bamford reports that these firms can access all kinds of data gathered by the NSA. The upshot: If the U.S. government is vacuuming up your phone calls and e-mails in flagrant violation of Constitutional protections, so are the Israelis.

The implications are huge and troubling, says a onetime high-level Bush Administration counterintelligence official who spoke with HUSTLER on condition of anonymity. "American citizens," he warns, "could be losing confidential business and proprietary information that could cause loss of jobs, patents, intellectual property and the disclosure of politically sensitive information."

Why doesn't the United States government take action to stamp out Israeli interference on American soil? The counterintelligence official suggests an answer: money. Congress has the oversight power to take on Israel's covert and overt activities. But as Senator J. William Fulbright once famously said, Congress is "Israeli-occupied territory."

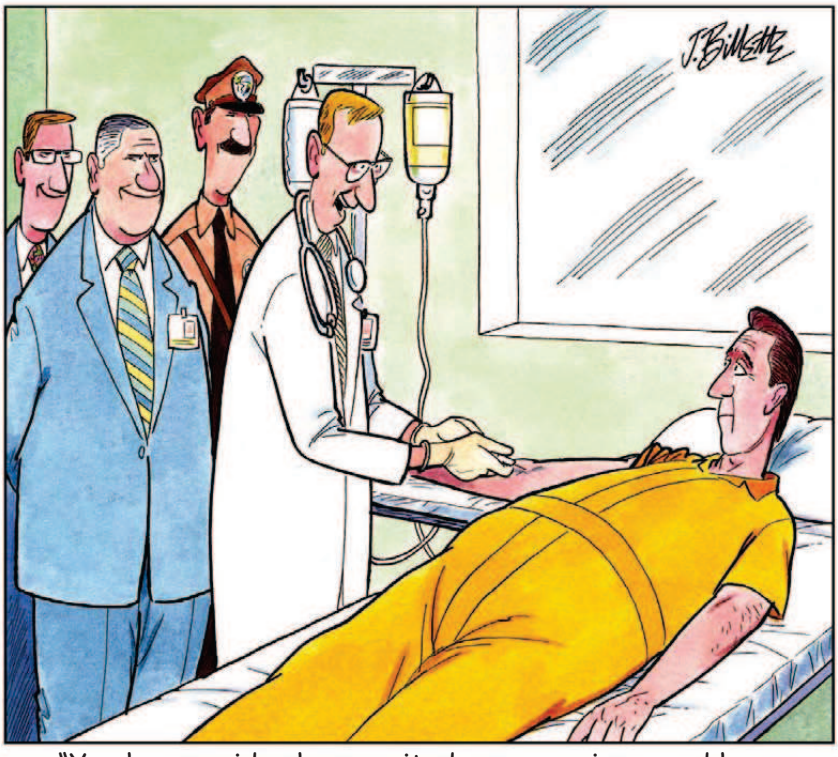
"They own it lock, stock and barrel," says the former counterintelligence official. "You have all these people on Capitol Hill whose campaigns are funded by groups representing a foreign power. Well, the only purpose of AIPAC is to promote the welfare and the security of that foreign power."

He continues, "It's the money that's so corrupting. Where the system is being abused—where it starts to break down and fail to work the way the Framers intended—is when the two or three percent of the country, the pro-Israel people, outspends by a thousand-to-one any other lobby. When AIPAC says we want something, Congress salutes and says, 'How much and what color?' The American people need to know the truth about this."

The Bush Administration counterintelligence official even suggests, although the allegation has never been fully investigated, that Israel has illegally used U.S. foreign aid by laundering it back into this country as campaign contributions. If true, this would mean American interests are being subverted with its own money.

As former CIA officer Michael Scheuer writes: "Bravo, Israel!"

Christopher Ketcham is a New York-based freelance reporter who is writing a book on Israeli intelligence operations targeting the United States. He can be reached at **cketcham99@mindspring.com**. More of his work can be found at **ChristopherKetcham.com**.



"You have no idea how excited everyone is around here to actually be executing a lawyer."

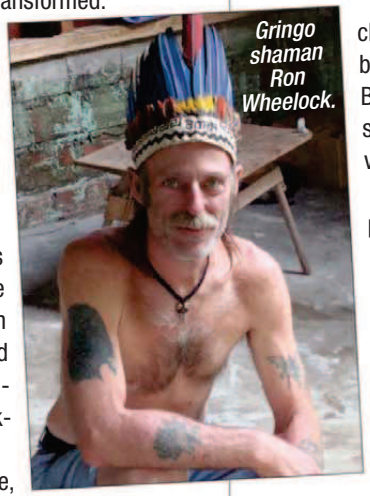
AYAHU

IT'S A MIND FUCK

WORSHIP IN THE RIGHT CHURCH AND YOU CAN DO THIS PSYCHEDELIC DRUG LEGALLY. TOO BAD THEY PROBABLY WON'T LET YOU JOIN.

All those involved in the ceremony assemble in a circle. The aging hippie across the room may want to better understand death before he eventually faces it. The pale-skinned waitress states she's looking for a release from anxiety and fear. And perhaps someone here wants to learn how to manipulate others. One by one, each person kneels in front of the shaman. He holds a small cup in his hand. Lighting up a *mapacho* cigarette, he blows smoke into the vessel, where it hovers like fog. Each one drinks, then returns to his place in the *maloca* (ceremonial hut), waiting to be transformed.

The participants, like many others who travel to South America or pay upwards of $150 a pop for a domestic opportunity, are drinking ayahuasca (pronounced *eye-ya-WA-sa*), the legendary psychedelic brew venerated by indigenous Amazonian tribes for spiritual and medicinal purposes. Make no mistake: Partakers are in for a bumpy ride. Hallucinations unleashed by the drug's main psychoactive agent, dimethyltryptamine (DMT), range from kaleidoscopic and sublime to horrifying and grotesque. Add this to an intense physical purging that often includes lots of shitting and puking. You can easily think you'll die.



Gringo shaman Ron Wheelock.

Those who do ayahuasca more than once, however, say these are necessary ordeals. Anything overcome in this state, they say—be it fear, addiction or disease—is also overcome in the real world. To users, ayahuasca is not a drug or even a medicine, but *La Madre* (The Mother), an entity unto herself that many report meeting and speaking to under its influence.

La Madre is worshiped by such South American churches as União do Vegetal and Santo Daime, both with branches in the United States. Israeli philosophy professor Benny Shanon caused an online stir in 2008 when he suggested that Moses may have received his divine visions after ingesting an ayahuasca-like substance.

A small-but-influential and well-heeled group of people in this country has begun to argue for its use in psychological and medical settings as well. Dr. Richard Grossman, a Los Angeles-based acupuncturist who has spent over two decades in the service of ayahuascerismo, says, "In the [Amazonian] jungle there's hundreds if not thousands of tribes, each with their own tradition of using ayahuasca, each with their own songs and language and practices. … [Many] things are being incorporated in ceremonies now that are really for 21st-century human beings rather than for the people in the jungle."

Ayahuasca, a word meaning "vine of the souls" in the indigenous

PHOTOS BY JUSTIN HAMPTON & MITCH SCHULTZ

BY JUSTIN HAMPTON

AYAHUASCA

Quechua language of the Andes, also goes by many other names throughout the Amazon, such as caapi, yage, hoasca, daime, mihi and dapa. It's made by grinding up the vine *Banisteriopsis caapi* and combining it with DMT-saturated leaves from either the chacruna shrub or any number of similar plants. Since DMT is naturally occurring to human systems, it would normally be neutralized upon digestion. But an alkaloid within the vine acts as an MAO inhibitor—a class of chemical compounds most notably found in powerful antidepressant drugs—allowing the DMT to sneak past one's metabolism filter to do its dirty work.

Thanks to the efforts of maverick ethnobotanists and their stoned-out disciples, ayahuasca gained a controversial cachet among New Agers worldwide as the 20th century rolled on. The pioneering fieldwork of Amazonian explorers Richard Spruce and Richard Evans Schultes, coupled with the writings of William Burroughs, Terence McKenna and other countercultural icons, brought ayahuasca to the public's attention. In particular, McKenna would connect ayahuasca to UFOs, mysticism and the 2012 phenomenon.

This opened the floodgates for tourism enterprises throughout the Amazon, most notably in Peru, where ayahuasca is legal and locals are desperate for money. Dirt-poor practitioners could strike it rich almost overnight, which has led to many con men mixing in with genuine healers. Regardless, as South America's younger generation shrugs off ayahuasca in favor of *World of Warcraft*, gringo tourists may be the medicine's unlikely salvation.

Filmmaker Mitch Schultz, who captured Peruvian ayahuasca ceremonies for his upcoming documentary *DMT: The Spirit Molecule*, says: "These cultures have a great wealth of knowledge and not just the use of ayahuasca in that visionary state, [but also] the respect for the natural world and how to live within [it]. I do look at it as a positive thing because it's good for us to be able to access that [knowledge] and hopefully heal ourselves [with it] in the Western world."

However, one shouldn't drink ayahuasca on a whim. Because it's an MAO inhibitor, anything you can't *(continued on page 95)*

Preparing the brew.

A pre-ritual setup.

The shaman's altar.

A maloca, or ceremonial hut, in Peru.

DINOSAUR JR.
BACK ON THE FARM

Nineties rockers Dinosaur Jr. never sold out. Maybe that's why they kept their indie cred over two decades while delivering some of the best rock records of all time. Vocalist J Mascis and drummer Murph (minus bassist Lou Barlow) stopped by HUSTLER to discuss keeping the band together, the new CD *Farm* and the sad lack of Dino Jr. groupies.

HUSTLER: Where's Lou?

MURPH: Picking up his kid. She's four and a half.

Are you guys fighting again?

J: It's pretty stressful, I guess. We're having a few problems. There's screaming.

MURPH: Uh-oh. It's going down fast.

Is it true, Murph, that you're the great negotiator between J and Lou?

MURPH: I do bridge a lot because Lou doesn't feel comfortable calling up J and talking the way I would. Getting back to the stress thing, these guys now have families. When we did the *Beyond* CD two years ago, it was a little bit different. Lou's kid was younger and traveled with us. So it was easier. Now he's having baby number two, and J has a son, so there's a lot more planning that you have to do. I think Lou is starting to feel the stress of another kid and more fatherhood, so that comes out in a band a little bit.

How are your audiences these days?

MURPH: Kind of the same. I'm surprised that there are still a bunch of young 22-year-olds coming to see us.

J: That's because everyone our age doesn't go out anymore.

Do you picture a day when Dinosaur Jr. may not exist?

J: Every day. Always been that way.

MURPH: It's more the physical rigors of touring. As a drummer, I don't know if I can still do it at 50 or 60. I think the music would have to change. We'd have to slow things down.

You guys have been called "slacker rock." Is that a fair label?

MURPH: I think it's funny because J is anything *but* a slacker.

J: Yeah. We know a lot of slackers, and they don't do anything. They don't record. They don't tour.

MURPH: If you're a real slacker, then you don't produce.

What was the recording process like for *Farm*?

MURPH: We recorded it at J's home studio, but *Farm* is different from our last CD, *Beyond*. That one we made in a period over seven months, which is our tradition. We had three months to get *Farm* done.

J: Really stressful to get it done.

Are you glad to be free from a major label telling you what to do?

J: I never really had anybody tell me what to do. At the end of our run being on a major label, I heard the words that seemed like a joke. They said, "We don't hear a single." I knew it was over then.

Do you have any good groupie/crazy fan stories?

MURPH: We currently have this woman who has been following us for a really long time. She's pretty intense and creepy. We played in Italy, and we saw her there. She's at every show in the first row, and that's kind of scary.

Have you spoken to her?

J: It's Murph's job to talk to those people. (*Laughs.*)

MURPH: I talked to her. She just decided to latch onto us. We're it for her. I don't know why. I try not to talk to her for too long at one time. I don't want it to lead to anything that will put her in a bad mood.

J: I think we're really a disappointment when it comes to groupies. We've been unable to capitalize on what little fame we've had.

What's the best part about being in Dinosaur Jr. right now?

J: Being able to play and set up as many amps as I want.

How many are you using this tour?

J: Four or five.

What's the most amps you've ever used?

J: Nine.

So why settle for just four or five then?

J: I don't know. Good point.

MURPH: You just made our road manager's life hell. (*Laughs.*)

PHOTOS BY LADI VON JANSKY

THE DIRTY DOZEN

12 NEW DISCS YOU NEED

MADONNA
Celebration
The reigning queen of pop has been delivering hit after hit for almost three decades now. This two-CD set traces her growth from pudgy "boy toy" to sexy superstar to untouchable icon. To watch Madonna's amazing evolution, you can also find all of her videos on a just-released two-DVD companion set.

GENITORTURERS
Blackheart Revolution
If our sister magazine HUSTLER'S TABOO was a band, it would be the Genitorturers. Genna and her crew of bondage buddies take on the dark side of sex with a NIN feel. If you're squeamish about nipple clamps and pierced genitals, this CD ain't for you.

ARTIE LANGE
Jack and Coke
Howard Stern's sidekick is a lovable lout and unstoppable train wreck full of hilarious stories of excess. This new live CD shows a comic battling his demons in public with laugh-out-loud results.

INSANE CLOWN POSSE
Bang Pow Boom
Time to break out the orange Faygo and get stoopid. ICP returns with a bang. Make that a *Bang Pow Boom*! The "Dark Carnival" sound that made you love these clowns returns.

CHAD SMITH'S BOMBASTIC MEATBATS
Meet the Meatbats
Where does Red Hot Chili Peppers/Chickenfoot drummer Chad Smith find the time for yet another band? His latest outfit serves up a CD full of '70s-style funk and jazz that would make the perfect soundtrack to any vintage porn flick.

MANIC STREET PREACHERS
Journal for Plague Lovers
Manic Street Preachers are so British, you can almost feel your teeth falling out. Bad dentistry aside, their latest release is a sonically overt affair boasting important pop compositions and guitar-packed masterpieces.

PHOTO BY LADI VON JANSKY

ON THE ROAD WITH... THE PRODIGY

On a day off during their recent *Invaders Must Die* tour, we caught up with the high-energy rave rockers The Prodigy, a/k/a Liam Howlett, Keith Flint and Maxim Reality, in the unlikely setting of a quiet garden outside their hotel bungalow. Over tea we discussed life on the road, seedy groupies and what we might pay the band to pose naked for HUSTLER. (Don't worry, it'll never happen.)

HUSTLER: What is life on the road with The Prodigy like?

KEITH: Exciting.

LIAM: Great, man. As good as it's ever been. We enjoy it more now. We were caught in a whirlwind before. Now we've learned to enjoy it.

KEITH: The band feels as good, if not better, than it ever has. The energy is really high.

LIAM: There is enough of a mixture of partying and time spent being professional.

MAXIM: That's the most important thing—having the right balance on every level. That was needed for the band to continue.

How do you maintain the frantic energy of your live shows night after night?

KEITH: Having a real passion for something and really loving it. It all stems from the music. That triggers us.

LIAM: It comes from the people in the audience as well.

KEITH: The music kicks off. It triggers the people. They trigger you. Then you start spitting this adrenaline back and forth. You just got to have a love for what you do. If you go up and find it a chore or are onstage just sort of walking around wishing it was over—

LIAM: The audience would see through it pretty quick.

Are your audiences different now as opposed to during the rave scene?

LIAM: We seem to have pulled in a young audience with this new CD [*Invaders Must Die*]. We noticed there is a new generation of kids. Our audiences have always been pretty diverse. We always had some old punks in the back. Girls are into the band again.

Was there a time when there were no female fans?

LIAM: I think around the time of our *Always Outnumbered* album [2004]. That was kind of a low point for the band.

MAXIM: I like to see girls up front at the stage. I'm not talking in a seedy way.

KEITH: I *do* like girls up front in a seedy way. I show off to them. It's all part of strutting your thing. You know what I mean? I do get off on that.

LIAM: I think it's important if you're a band not to just be a "geezers band."

KEITH: Rock 'n' roll has got to be sex, drugs and rock 'n' roll. That's very cliché, but it has got to be sexy. That's why I don't play the violin. It's not sexy. Can I ask what you pay a girl to pose naked? What is the top amount you would pay someone?

For a big-name celebrity the maximum would probably be ten grand, maybe 20.

KEITH: So I'm not going to get a great deal, am I?

For you posing naked? How about seven dollars and 18 cents?

KEITH: (*Laughs.*) Well, fuck it!

And that's American dollars, so with the exchange rate to pounds—

MAXIM: You'll get a fiver.

And we'll throw in a pack of gum.

KEITH: Oh, well.

Do you have seedy groupie stories?

LIAM: I'm married, so I'm going to leave this one to Keith.

KEITH: Okay, I'd be a liar to say that I didn't investigate that part of it. These guys are married, so you have to make sure this is heavily captioned under Keith Flint. I did have a lot of gritty groupie stories. Because I'm in a band, I didn't want to come to the end of my reign without having—

MAXIM: Reigned? (*Laughs.*)

KEITH: —investigated every part. But that's me. I make sure I get stuck into everything. The drugs. Everything you could see to. I'm happily married now because I know what's out there. I experienced the lot. I think I've experienced every man's fantasy in every respect. I kept the levels up high. I was having a piss once out in the open, and somebody shouted "Maggot!" when they looked at my dick. I said, "It might be a maggot, but it's been in some peaches."

The Prodigy's *Invaders Must Die* is in stores now.

MORE DIRTY DOZEN DISCS

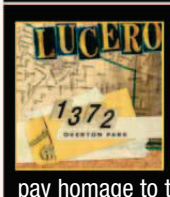
MARIE DIGBY
Breathing Under Water
Beautiful and talented? Yes, sir! Imagine Pink if she weren't so damn manly. This awesome Aussie's disc is loaded with crisp pop gems.

RAMMSTEIN
Liebe Ist Für Alle Da
It doesn't get any darker and heavier than the music of German rockers Rammstein. Seriously, these guys make Metallica look like Barry Manilow. Their latest CD is a pounding wall of sound that you'll endure because, well, you deserve it.

GUY CLARK
Somedays the Song Writes You
Guy Clark doesn't just write tunes; he masterfully crafts them like one would fine art or a well-built house. Every note, every chord change is delivered in painstaking perfection on this, the country legend's most inspired effort to date.

A FINE FRENZY
Bomb in a Birdcage
A couple of years back, leading A Fine Frenzy through a set of piano-driven rock, entrancing Alison Sudol captured our eye (and other things). Looking as hot as ever, she and her band return to deliver more of the sultry songs that turned us on in the first place.

ANNIE
Don't Stop
Annie is a young diva who would love to be Madonna—or at the very least the next Lady Ga Ga. *Don't Stop*, her sophomore release, is packed with perfect dance pop. Its interesting flourishes may even make your thick-necked football buddy sing and dance in public.



LUCERO
1372 Overton Park
Tennessee's favorite foursome grows up! With Lucero's sixth studio album the "swamp rockers" pay homage to their hometown of Memphis and the address they once all shared. This time they blend their country/rock/punk sound with local blues musicians. The end result: another stylistic masterpiece from America's most underappreciated band. *—Eric Althoff*

DVD DISTRACTIONS

Because You Can't Watch Just Porn

SPRING BREAK & HARDBODIES COLLECTION
Admit it, you loved these films! Before you had access to porn, these 1980s screwball sex comedies were the fodder for all your fantasies. On DVD for the first time, *Spring Break* is loaded with curvy coeds commingling in the Florida sunshine while *Hardbodies Collection* contains both T&A-packed films.

ROCKY
UNDISPUTED COLLECTION
(Blu-ray)

Cue triumphant theme music. All six Rocky films are here in this action-packed Blu-ray box set. The good: *Rocky I*, *II* and *III*. The bad: *Rocky IV* & *V*. And the ugly: *Rocky IV* (again). Plus what is hopefully the closing chapter in Sylvester Stallone's boxing saga, *Rocky Balboa*. "Yo, Adrian! We did it!"

IRON MAIDEN: FLIGHT 666

Would you get on a plane if you knew it was being piloted by the guy who sang "Nature of the Beast"? You would if you were in Iron Maiden! This fascinating documentary traces the band's latest world tour.

FAWLTY TOWERS

THE COMPLETE COLLECTION REMASTERED
John Cleese's hilarious, post-Python BBC series about a bumbling hotel manager has finally been remastered. This laugh-out-loud box set boasts a slew of brand-new extras, interviews and commentaries.

SAY ANYTHING...

20TH ANNIVERSARY EDITION
(Blu-ray)
Written and directed by Cameron Crowe, this classic high school flick still holds up after two decades. Now on Blu-ray, *Say Anything...* features the greatest actor of the 1980s—John Cusack—and the smoking-hot lone Skye in a quirky, off-beat love story.

ALLY McBEAL
THE COMPLETE SERIES
Lucy Liu. Lucy Liu. Lucy Liu. Three reasons you need to revisit this off-kilter law office drama/comedy. Need more? Calista Flockhart, Jane Krakowski, Portia de Rossi and Lisa Nicole Carson.

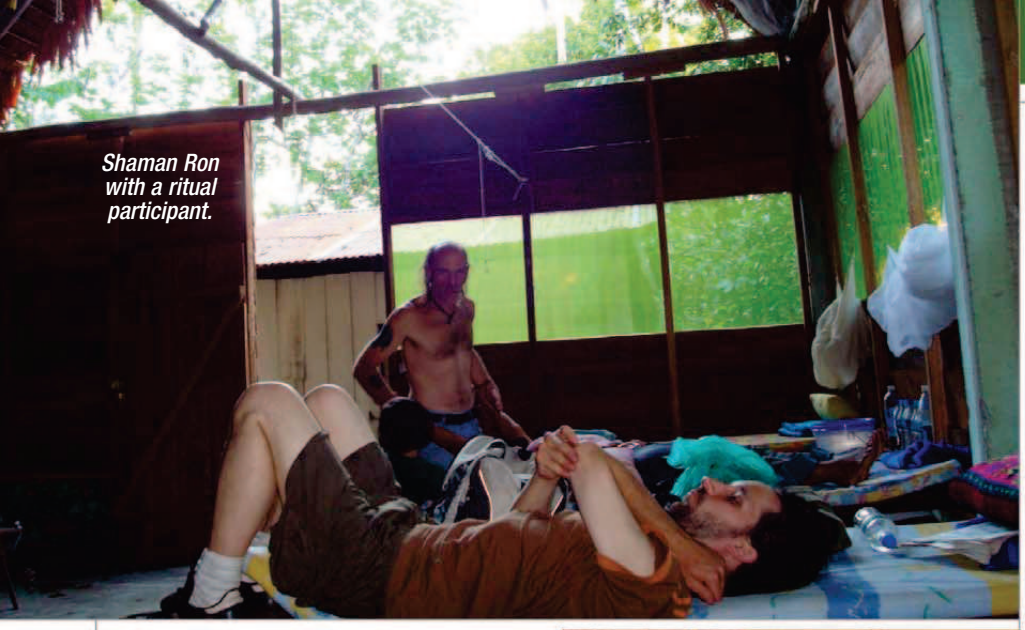
RESCUE ME
SEASON FIVE: VOLUMES ONE & TWO

Like the infernos their characters fight, Denis Leary's long-running FX drama about New York City firefighters should have flamed out by now. Instead, rife with interesting flawed characters in unbelievable situations, it remains one of the best things on the boob tube. Our only complaint? Why break the season into two separate DVD sets?

STOP MAKING SENSE
(Blu-ray)

The greatest concert film of all time finally arrives on Blu-ray. Directed by Jonathan Demme (*Silence of the Lambs*) and first released in 1984, *Stop Making Sense* captures influential band Talking Heads at the height of its creative genius. Ask yourself, "How do I get this?"

ROCK AND ROLL HALL OF FAME LIVE
This nine-DVD set should have been the greatest thing ever. It features rock's royalty jamming at the invite-only Rock and Roll Hall of Fame induction ceremonies. But instead of presenting them in chronological order, they are randomly assembled with gaping holes. Where are the Clash, the reunited Police and Prince's brilliant induction? While it's still good to have all these performances, it could have been so much more.



Shaman Ron with a ritual participant.

(continued from page 91) consume when taking an antidepressant—such as fermented beverages and cheese—applies to ayahuasca. Also, mixing it with SSRIs (another type of antidepressant) can have deadly consequences. People with histories of psychosis are better off leaving it be.

Author Matt Pallamary—who has participated in rigorous ayahuasca cleanses (*dietas*) with Sting and former Alice Cooper guitarist Mick Mashbir—warns: "Ayahuasca definitely isn't for everybody. I've seen a couple of people who weren't right [for the hallucinogen] kind of lose it, and it was not pretty."

Because of its overwhelming effects, two models for using and "integrating" the ayahuasca trip have developed. Western tourists usually experience the shamanic model, in which a healer (*curandero*) conducts a nightlong ceremony. He tends to individuals when necessary, singing songs (*icaros*), whisking away negative spirits with fans and blowing tobacco smoke onto his occasionally struggling clients. Relying heavily on intuition and belief in its effectiveness, this form of healing is more an art than a science.

Says Dr. Grossman of his experiences with officiating ceremonies, "It's a real act of surrender to the medicine for me, because if I get an impulse to sing something that's going to possibly bring up sadness for them, I'll do that."

The model assembled by União do Vegetal (which in Portuguese literally means "union of the plants") and Santo Daime imposes a greater structure than the shamanic ritual. The proceedings include singing of hymns and a liturgy led by a *maestre* preaching a fusion of Christianity and animism.

Conflicts between the two syncretic churches and the U.S. government led to key court battles that eventually established legal

A shamaka, or female shaman, speaks at a shamanism conference.

use for União do Vegetal and Santo Daime sacraments. Thanks to the Religious Freedom Restoration Act, União do Vegetal's U.S. president, Jeffrey Bronfman (of the Seagram's whiskey dynasty), was able to win an injunction for his New Mexico-based chapter to use ayahuasca. The Ashland, Oregon, Santo Daime offshoot, Church of the Holy Light of the Queen, recently earned a similar injunction.

Not so fast, though, if you think these injunctions have rendered ayahuasca legal in this country. The churches' American branches have a strict vetting process to weed out those who simply want to drink the mind-blowing tea. Moreover, DEA spokesman Rusty Payne asserts that ayahuasca remains a Schedule I substance, and trafficking penalties range from 20 to 30 years. So unless you've got the resolve and cash necessary to prove you are using ayahuasca for religious purposes, you are breaking the law. "We still have to enforce this, you know what I mean?" Payne cautions. "Not everybody can hide behind a church case, because only two churches have that exemption now."

This hasn't stopped scholars and medical researchers worldwide from attempting to study ayahuasca's potential benefits for modern civilization. The most famous of these studies, The Hoasca Project, pitted 15 members of União do Vegetal against a control group in several personality tests. (*Hoasca* is the Portuguese transliteration of ayahuasca.) Overall, the tests showed UDV members—several of whom possessed serious addictive and antisocial tendencies prior to joining—possessed on average greater confidence and reflectiveness than the control group. These UDV subjects credited ayahuasca's sacramental role as essential in helping them beat their demons.

Pending further research, Dr. Charles S. Grob of the David Geffen School of Medicine at UCLA—The Huasca Project's principal investigator—foresees a host of possible applications for ayahuasca in addiction treatment and psychotherapy. But he also acknowledges the many societal prejudices and institutional roadblocks that are standing in the way.

"The drug companies make their enormous profits by developing and marketing drugs which are taken on a daily basis for weeks and sometimes for months or years," Dr. Grob explains. "You don't make much money if you're developing a compound that might only need to be given on one or two occasions, along with a lot of psychotherapy."

Nevertheless, ayahuasca continues to make its presence felt. If it isn't making cameo appearances in television shows like *Nip/Tuck* and *Weeds*, then celebrities like Sting, Tori Amos and Paul Simon will name-drop it in interviews. In their wake, risk takers—both foolish and fearless—will discover ayahuasca's applications for the 21st century the same way Amazonian tribes did—gradually, through trial and error and by listening to an inner voice.

Matt Pallamary believes, "If you really continue on this path, and it's not an easy path, you're really working toward being balanced [because] one of the things about ayahuasca is you need to learn to surrender. Not totally give up, but dance with it, to find control within acceptance. It really helps you to find that balance in between."

Disclaimer: The ideas expressed in this article are strictly those of the author, are for information and entertainment purposes only, concern a powerful and potentially dangerous drug and do not constitute medical advice of any kind.

Los Angeles-based Justin Hampton is a veteran freelance writer who has covered sex, music and vice for *High Times*, *Spin*, *Penthouse Forum* and "other fine and not-so-fine publications."

MOVIE Mammaries

THE CHICKS OF CALIFORNICATION

Now Available on DVD!

Showtime's *Californication* is the hottest thing on television. Most episodes feature more boobs and simulated screwing than your average soft-core porn flick. For those unfamiliar with the show, it stars former *X Files* actor (and real-life sex addict) **David Duchovny** as Hank Moody, a womanizing writer struggling to balance life as a single father with a neverending parade of wanton babes. As Season 3 winds down, we take a look at some of the hotties who've made *Californication* must-see TV.

The series blasted off with a bang (actually about a half-dozen) and one helluva donkey punch. Introducing the world to Hank Moody, Duchovny gets it on with captivating cougar **Camille Langfield**, blond beauty **Michele Nordin** and awesome Asian **Alison Mei Lan**. All three actresses are well worth checking out for their orgasmic performances, but they pale in comparison to former child star—now all grown up—**Madeline Zima**. Her bedroom tryst with Hank sets the tone (and storyline) for the rest of the first season. Plus, she's the naked knockout who coldcocks Hank with a donkey punch.

Another Season 1 eye-catcher is **Brooke Banner**, who displays her fine rack in the episode "Hell-A Woman." Also worth noting is veteran sitcom actress **Paula Marshall**. The *Gary Unmarried* costar rides Hank to earth-shattering orgasms in a couple of episodes.

Duchovny isn't the only one getting in on the action. **Evan Handler** (a regular as Hank's literary agent/best friend Charlie Runkle) gets tied up during an S&M-heavy affair with dirty blonde **Rachel Miner**. Hank and Charlie later double-team the superhot **Laura Niles** in the not-to-be-missed "Devil's Threesome" episode.

Season 2's highlights start with the episode "Vaginatown," in which **Meredith Monroe** plays a Martha Stewart-esque TV host who gets hate fucked by Duchovny. Another winner is "Slip of the Tongue," so named because lovely **Zita Vass** receives accidental cunnilingus from Hank.

Check out the episode "Coke Dick & the First Kick." Charlie and a porn star, convincingly portrayed by **Carla Gallo**, engage in a steamy screwing with a special treat: the tiny-titted actress's full-frontal flash of brilliance.

Season 3 finds Hank Moody employed as a college professor surrounded by a boatload of accessible, curvy coeds (the ultimate temptation). Two starlets to watch are **Kristine Blackport** ("Wish You Were Here") and drop-dead gorgeous **Eva Amurri**. The latter plays the stripper Jackie, who has popped up (and out) in several episodes. She's one you're going to want to see more of. Luckily, Amurri has signed on to do a half-dozen more episodes.

Californication's first two complete seasons are available on DVD, while Season 3 reruns can be seen on Showtime. The series is smart, sexy and nudity-packed. Plus we've heard it helps cure sex addiction. Right, David?

Remember, HUSTLER continually delivers the best in big-name skin from cinema and the boob tube. If there's a sexy actress you'd like to see in the buff (or damn close to it), just let us know by e-mailing ***NakedCelebs@LFP.com***.

PAMELA ANDERSON

CATWALK CATASTROPHE

They say that the older you get, the wiser you become. Luckily that's not true when it comes to aging Hollywood stars. Case in point: one of our long-time favorites, former *Baywatch* beauty **Pamela Anderson**.

You would think someone with years of experience would know better than to wear nothing more than a sheet while walking the runway on a stage full of giant blowing fans. That's what Anderson did at designer **Richie Rich**'s New Zealand show during a recent fashion week.

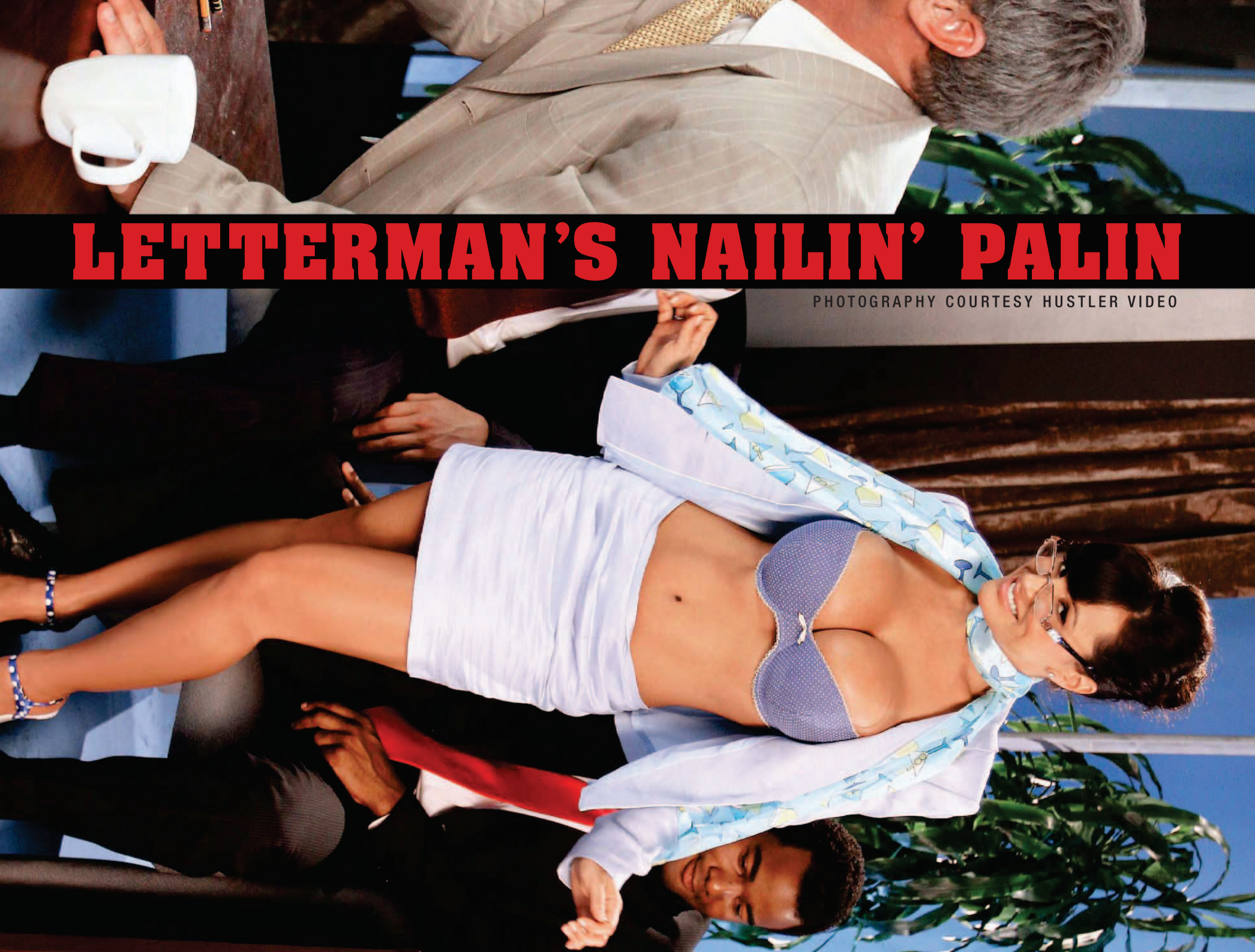
Over the years the now-42-year-old bombshell must have learned doing something that reckless would lead to a massive "wardrobe malfunction" captured by hordes of rabid paparazzi. And that those photos would ultimately make their way into HUSTLER Magazine.

What was Anderson thinking? That a move like this would propel her right back into the public spotlight? Wait! Maybe she isn't stupid after all. Pamela Anderson is actually a frickin' genius!

Got any photos of the rich and famous letting it all hang out in public? Get in touch with us by e-mailing ***NakedCelebs@LFP.com***.We may be able to buy those pics and publish them for the whole world to see.

LETTERMAN'S NAILIN' PALIN

PHOTOGRAPHY COURTESY HUSTLER VIDEO



Hot on the heels of the real-life David Letterman sex scandal, HUSTLER Video has just released its latest porn parody: ***Letterman's Nailin' Palin***. In this XXX flick the late-night host (played by **Randy Spears**) grills and drills former VP candidate Sarah Palin, who's once again skillfully portrayed by **Lisa Ann**.

Lisa Ann also sucks and fucks the other guests on Letterman's show, including President Obama (**Tyler Knight**)—the curvy cougar's first black man—and a duo of Russian politicians. Talk about your international diplomacy!

Letterman's Nailin' Palin is available from HUSTLER Video. Call (toll-free) 800-763-8271 ext. 7651, visit HustlerHollywood.com or go to page 115 to order by mail.

THE ARBITER, BOISE STATE STUDENT MEDIA

Itinerant preacher Shawn Holes warns of "eternal damnation" during a stop at BSU.

Divine Intervention

AFTER A FIERY PREACHER STIRS UP **BOISE STATE UNIVERSITY**, ONE HEADY STUDENT OFFERS A VARIANT FORM OF SPIRITUALITY.

Crisscrossing America in an RV, Shawn Holes and his family have spent the past three years on a self-proclaimed mission: "bringing the Gospel of Jesus Christ to a lost and fallen world." Last November, Shawn the Baptist—as he's come to be known—returned to the Boise State campus with his trademark fire-and-brimstone oratory.

Preaching the "good word," Holes delivers a simple, caustic message: If you don't believe in God, you will burn in hell for all eternity. His Luke Ten Two ministry—based in Lake Placid, New York—even offers a quiz on its Web site for those wanting to see if they're hellbound or not.

Of course, this is nothing that we haven't all heard, especially BSU students, who are immersed in a bastion of religious pseudo-ideals. Holes told *Arbiter Online*'s Tony Rogers, "Boise State has some of the most respectful students that I have ever had the pleasure to talk to."

But what was really accomplished when Holes stepped onto his soapbox and bellowed away? The believers simply nodded their heads in agreement, while the nonbelievers walked past, shaking their heads.

Holes's visit may have even been counterproductive. A number of Christian students spoke out against his inflammatory preaching, saying it put Christianity's ideals in a negative light. Besides aggravating some of his fellow believers, Holes didn't seem to make headway in converting anyone.

Haley Robinson offered a keen observation in the *Arbiter Online*, BSU's independent student media: "For most people, threats of eternal damnation and shouting about going to hell are definitely attention-getters. However, describing the fate of those who don't believe in God by attempting to force-feed passersby of their own beliefs instead of logically dialoguing about the different ways of thinking is not accomplishing anything. Instead it feeds the controversy by presenting ideas in an aggressive and uncomfortable manner. Such extreme tactics are often offensive, even to other Christians."

It's easy to see why Holes would want to add BSU to his ministry's itinerary. An atheist contesting the giant Table Rock Cross, which gawks over Boise, received death threats a few years back, while campus Christians recently forced the halt of school-issued condom coupons.

Holes soon departed for his next destination, but sure enough, an inspired soul would take his place. Within a couple of weeks a copycat appeared.

One afternoon, as I walked across the Quad to my next class, I heard a commotion. *Perhaps there's a fight*, I thought. As I approached, a sharply dressed young man was spewing out the same canned platitudes of salvation, only this time to a much smaller audience. With his hair combed over in that stereotypical Sunday-preacher do, he solemnly pronounced, "God will not forgive the nonbelievers. No matter how good of a person you are, it isn't enough."

I began to walk away, but something caught my eye. A BSU coed stopped in front of the speaker and, facing him, lifted her shirt neck-high. Then she extended her arms like a T, her delicious black bra filled to the brim with cleavage and tits.

For that moment, time froze. Amid the din of traffic, whispers of the Boise River and the rustling of leaves, the preacher's spiel slowed to a murmuring stop. Derailed, he stood there without any clue as to what he was going to say next.

Meanwhile, the brazen coed remained motionless for a few more seconds, her nipples swelling out in the crisp November air. Perhaps the zealous Christian stopped yapping because he realized that no one was paying attention to him anymore. Or was he merely beseeching God to curb the lusty thoughts he was harboring?

The coed finally lowered her arms, tucked in her shirt and moved on. As the young man fumbled to regain where his blabbering had left off, the crowd slowly bled away.

I would like to think that for just a blink of an eye this Christian loudmouth's mighty and rigid morals receded in light of that sweet inkling of temptation. Maybe, just maybe, his narrow-minded ideals were put in their place by the warmth of human experience. While I doubt the guy gained anything from the peek-aboo coed other than some wood, I haven't seen him preaching in the Quad anymore.

Postscript: Had I known at the time I'd be writing for HUSTLER, I would have asked the flasher about her intentions. Once my piece on campus proselytizers was approved, I futilely searched for the girl right up until my deadline.

Matthew Burns, a Boise State junior majoring in English, describes himself as "an incessant, well-traveled writer whose unique perspective blends cynicism, irony and individual observations; my influences are civil disobedience, the profound and anything that has dared to break away from prescribed norms."

Attention college reporters: If you have an idea for a story involving your school—streaking, stripping, partying, pranks, protests, political or censorship issues—contact us at *Features@LFP.com*.

Coeds: Send us some sexy pictures and garner some handy financial assistance! To apply, follow the instructions in entry form on page 131 and indicate **Real College Girls** on submission envelope.

MARI MAY

Virginia Commonwealth University

Keeping in tune with the perfect-coed credo, VCU sophomore Mari May declares, "I don't like wearing clothes, and neither do my female roomies! Every day we tease the mailman, opening the door a crack to give him a little peek." Thus it was inevitable that the "bubbly, smart and aggressive" business major from Richmond, Virginia, would take a crack at HUSTLER, delivering nude pics along with her extracurricular activities.

"I like sex, dancing, music, VCU basketball, traveling, *Nip/Tuck* and staying up all night," notes the Paramore, Mariah Carey and Kelly Carlson fan. "I also like partying naked and playing my favorite sport, beer pong."

To say the least, Mari May is incredibly uninhibited. "I was out on the rocks at the James River one day with a lady friend," she recalls. "We were completely naked and going at it on a beach towel when a slow-moving train came by. The passengers got a free show for about five minutes. Of course, we didn't bother covering up!"

Mari May, who also digs "being spanked" and "having my brains fucked out by a take-charge guy," seems to have a knack for putting on a great show. "During spring break I won a kielbasa-swallowing contest at a bar in Myrtle Beach, South Carolina," she pipes. "I guess that means I must have exceptional oral skills. I sure love 69ing."

And being a seductive bookworm. "I would love to fuck a professor in his office again," Mari May owns up. "I did it with one who was a lot older than me, but he wasn't actually *my* class professor, so that didn't count. I like older guys a lot. They know what they want and go for it. I'm the same way. I *always* get what I want."

—Photos by Roommate

BLUE-MOVIE SHOWCASE

EDITED BY MARK JOHNSON

*Eva Angelina indulges her **Deviance.***

Deviance

SKINWORXXX. DIRECTOR: JOSHUA. STARRING: EVA ANGELINA, TEAGAN PRESLEY, SUNNY LEONE, ALEXIS TEXAS, KAGNEY LINN KARTER, LEXI BELLE, SHAWNA LENEE, MR. MARCUS, JAMES DEEN, TOMMY GUNN, MICK BLUE, JERRY, BEN ENGLISH & MARCO BANDERAS.

Who knows why porn directors think old, abandoned factories are sexy places to fuck. Luckily the stellar lineup in *Deviance* brings enough heat to the cold surroundings that it doesn't matter. This is the debut Eva Angelina feature from her and Teagan Presley's newly founded Skinworxxx, and it doesn't disappoint. In most flicks a scorching anal scene by boss lady Eva would be the climax. Here it's just the warm-up. *Deviance* has a slightly fetishy air to it, but the focus is on serious fuckmanship. Every cast member rises to Eva's high standard, with the six solid scenes culminating in a four-girl fest of finger-fucking and strap-on action. You have not lived until you've seen Sunny Leone give a begging Alexis Texas a blistering ramjob. Eva and Teagan, meanwhile, seal their business partnership in XXX-style. *Deviance* is porn excellence that kicks off the new Eva era in style. Goes to show what you can do with an empty factory, a couple of cheap sofas and the most reliable paid vaginas in the business. ***—M.J.***

***Deviance:** Kagney Linn Karter explores her dark side.*

***Barely Legal** Heather is a cookout favorite.*

***BL**'s Bella gets wet.*

*Kandi plays it sweet in **BL100.***

Barely Legal #100

HUSTLER VIDEO. DIRECTOR: MATTI KLATT. STARRING: PRINZZESS, KATIE MICHAELS, JASMINE DELATORI, HEATHER STARLET, BELLA MORETTI, KANDI MILAN, DANE CROSS, PIKE NELSON, CHRIS JOHNSON & ROCCO REED.

Our classic *Barely Legal* series hits 100 in just ten years. How's that for churnin' 'em out? Instead of bells and whistles, we opted instead to make the milestone *BL* exactly what you've come to expect: a solid, no-nonsense disc of reliable porn. Cute dirty-blonde Prinzzess warms things up nicely in a girl/girl with brunette Katie. Jasmine keeps the party wet with an underwater blowjob. (Call the pool man!) Next, horny Heather—who loves nothing better than a nice, thick piece of meat!—gets invited to a local barbecue. She seems slightly on the tight side when it comes to taking it balls deep. That's what we call the *Barely Legal* charm. Black girl Bella turns in a nice act four, while Kandi—the youngest-looking cutie on this disc—brings up the rear with a butt-fucking-great climax. *BL #100* is a must-have. Turn to page 115 to order now. ***—M.J.***

*Bree, Faye and Shawna are **Big Screw Review**'s coming attractions.*

Bree's Big Screw Review

ADAM & EVE PICTURES. DIRECTOR: DCYPHER. STARRING: BREE OLSON, FAYE REAGAN, SHAWNA LENEE, JEWEL STYLES, MADISON SCOTT, MARCO DUATO, TOMMY GUNN, DANE CROSS & EVAN STONE.

Apparently the porn spoof craze is going to keep going until every single TV show ever made has been turned into smut. Not even a movie review show is sacred. What's next, *Market Wrap XXX*? *Bree's Big Screw Review* is one of the corniest, tackiest porn flicks of the year, but you'll give it a "see it" rating for the always-goofy Bree Olson, who's plusher than a theater seat in the good part of town. Along with cohost Faye Reagan, she introduces clips of new movies like *ET: Extra Testical*, *A Cock in Lips Now* and *Harry Pussy and the Sorcerer's Bone*. That last one should get a dicks down for its bait and switch: Jewel Styles is shaved! Madison Scott makes up for that fuckup by showing off her athletic talents in *Spiderpussy*. The clips are silly, the fucking is decent, and Bree and Faye work themselves into an Oscar-worthy girl/girl scene. Somewhere Roger Ebert is giving this one a two dicks way up. ***—M.J.***

Asian Party Sluts *Kina Kai and Taylor Kiss cut the shy act.*

Asian Party Sluts

HUSTLER VIDEO. DIRECTOR: RICK DAVIS. STARRING: KINA KAI, MIA LELANI, JESSICA BANGKOK, TAYLOR KISS, LONDON KEYES, KEVIN JAMES, RALPH LONG, JOHN STRONG, PIKE NELSON & KRIS SLATER.

Since you may not have a dance club full of sexed-up Asian hotties in your town, we made you this cheap little movie instead. You'll be surprised to learn that those shy little students and office workers you've been afraid to ask out can be total sluts. That doesn't mean they're slutty all day long, of course. It's the pounding music and flashing lights that set them off. Take Kina Kai. The painfully cute teacher isn't in the club two minutes before she's squealing at the end of some guy's dick. Shy student Mia Lelani yanks her tits out at just the mention of going to the club! Gorgeous Jessica Bangkok, the gold standard of this lineup, starts fucking at work to warm up for the VIP room. Emblazoned with some gorgeous tattoo work, Taylor Kiss delivers the best handjob since your last massage. And London Keyes closes the club with a great face-splasher. Thanks to this educational flick, you now know that Asian girls don't even have to get drunk to drain your balls. Here's to cheap dates! Go to page 115 to order by mail. ***—M.J.***

Lupe Fuentes' Interactive Girlfriend Sexperience

TERAVISION/VIVID ENTERTAINMENT. DIRECTOR: AXEL BRAUN. STARRING: LUPE FUENTES, JAY LASSITER, CHRIS CHARMING & JOHN ESPIZEDO.

Lupe Fuentes is a tiny girl with bubble boobs, a huge mouth and a darling little ass. According to her, she found the porn life as irresistible as everyone else finds her. (See our interview on the opposite page.) Lupe's debut Teravision showcase is this slick, two-language interactive disc that lets you—POV-style—put the petite princess through her paces. Shot in a sanitary white setting meant to give the whole thing a classy look, *Lupe Fuentes' Interactive Girlfriend Sexperience* is an appropriately low-key indulgence that stresses Lupe's intimate, soft-spoken charm. Fuentes does a lot of panting, but she's no cliché Latina screamer. So if you like the shy act, you're in luck. And you'll be surprised that her tight little ass can take that big stunt dick of yours. ***—M.J.***

THE LUPE FUENTES EXPERIENCE

Teravision's new firecracker is a sizzling bundle of beauty and ambition. Imagine meeting a version of Penélope Cruz that does onscreen anal.

Lupe Fuentes is the incarnation of Latina charm and fuckability. In person she's that and more. The Colombian-born señorita, who started her career as Little Lupe (remember the old Righteous Brothers song?), is genuinely sweet, looks much younger than her 22 years and has a star quality that bedazzles the most jaded porn journalist.

HUSTLER: What makes you unique?

LUPE: I'm having fun on camera, and I think that shows. There's nothing fake about my performance. I love men, and I want them to want me. I'm totally uninhibited in front of the camera, so you should let your imagination run wild watching me.

Is there a difference between Anglo and Latino men?

Only their accents. When it comes to men all around the world, they're basically only interested in one thing. And I'm the woman they should want to get it from!

When did you decide to become an adult actress?

A few years ago I was in Spain, which is where I grew up, watching television with a few friends. Suddenly someone put on a porn tape, and soon everyone left the room except me. I was fascinated by what I saw and started playing with myself. Later I realized it was as if that tape was calling me to drop everything and come pursue my new career.

What do you do in your free time?

I travel, go to movies and concerts, and now I'm starting to get into American sports. Being a European, I grew up on soccer, but I recently went to an Oakland Raiders game and had a great time!

Where do you see yourself ten years from now?

Directing films. I also want to have a daughter and be in a real romantic relationship. I want to get more into the business and become a legend in porn—the hottest Spanish MILF you've ever seen!

—Craig Modderno

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*Girl of your **Dreams:** Sunrise Adams pulls an all-nighter.*

Dreams of Sunrise

VIVID ENTERTAINMENT. DIRECTOR: ELI CROSS. STARRING: SUNRISE ADAMS, KYLIE IRELAND, SAMMIE RHODES, MIKA TAN, MOXIE MADDRON, EVAN STONE, TOMMY GUNN, CHRIS CANNON, MARK DAVIS & MIKE STRIKER.

The time is 4:59 a.m. Sunrise Adams has entered a deep dream state. What does she dream about? Apparently the same thing most of us do: watching Mika Tan get her brains fucked out. Is there anyone as reliable in the whack-off department as the cute and crazy Asian? No, there isn't. You'll have shot your load by the end of her scene, but if you somehow manage not to, you'll enjoy watching Sunrise and her coconut tits get solidly screwed for the rest of the film. Our thanks to Sunset Thomas for giving her niece such a great work ethic! The finale features Kylie Ireland with a dick buried deep in her anus. Now *that's* something to remember when you wake up. ***—M.J.***

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*Sindee Jennings and Lisa Ann show celebrity skin in **Hollywood's Nailin' Palin**.*

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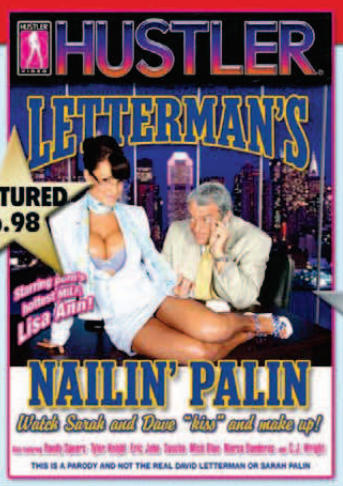
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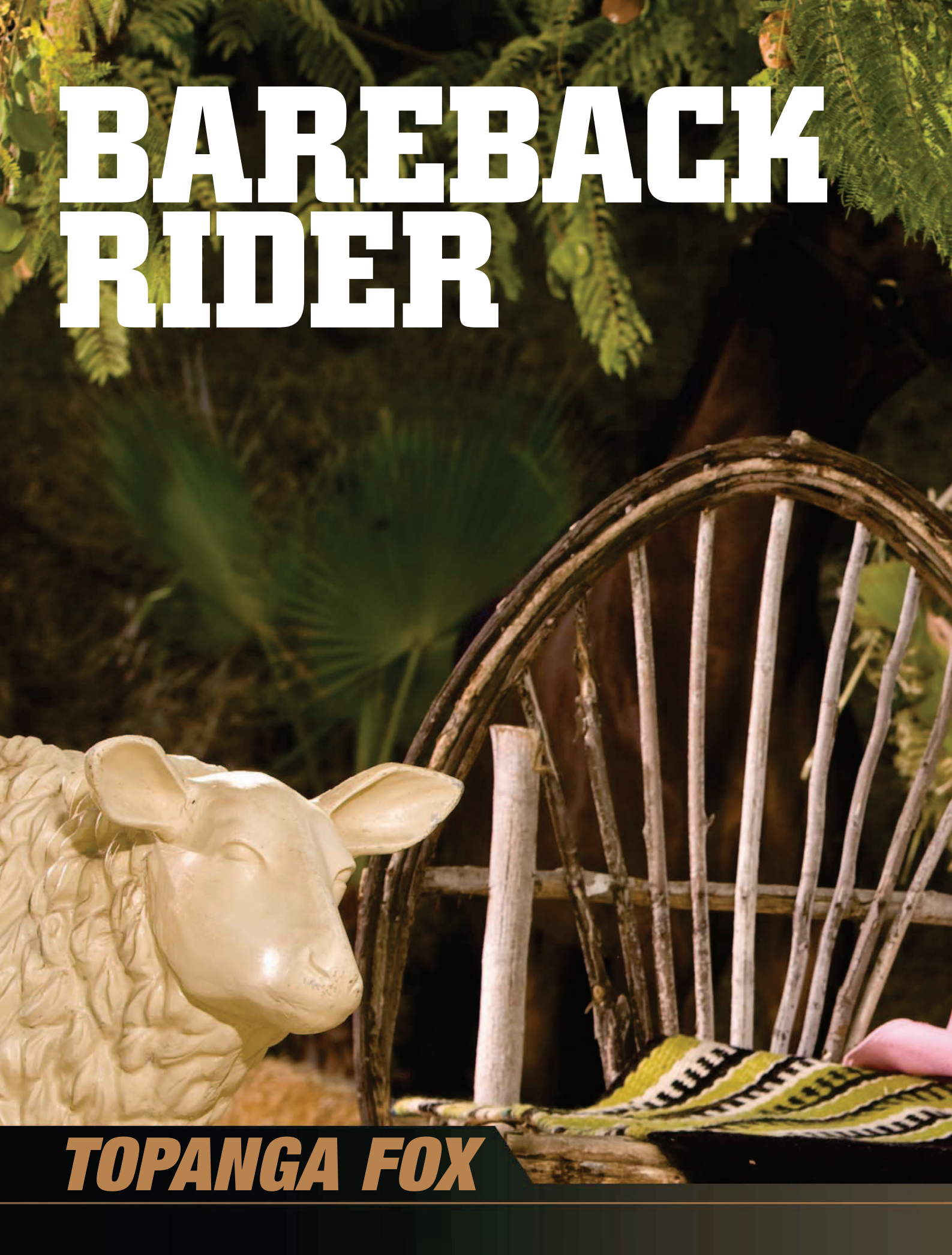

TOPANGA FOX

PHOTOGRAPHY BY SUZE RANDALL FOR SUZE RANDALL PHOTOGRAPHY

This photo-shoot was the best!" exclaims petite wrangler **Topanga Fox**. "We spent the whole day on a ranch, and I got to ride one of the horses. I have to admit that not wearing panties while horseback riding can be kinda painful, but I sure got horny. Then again, everything makes me horny."

Everything? "I know that makes me sound like a nymphomaniac," **Topanga** says, "but it's true. A nice smile or a sunny day. The smell of a pipe. They all get me horny. In high school I was known as the girl most likely to…. So if you're nice to me with warm hands and kind eyes, you probably have a shot."

As for riding the saddle with a guy, Topanga reveals, “I like to be on top, and my favorite position is reverse cowgirl. No kidding! That’s the quickest way to get me off—not that I’m in a rush. If I could, I’d have sex all day long every day even if it makes me sore.”

TOPANGA FOX’S VITAL FACTS: HOMETOWN: Grand Rapids, Michigan | AGE: 22 | BIRTH SIGN: Aquarius | HEIGHT: 5-2 | WEIGHT: 117

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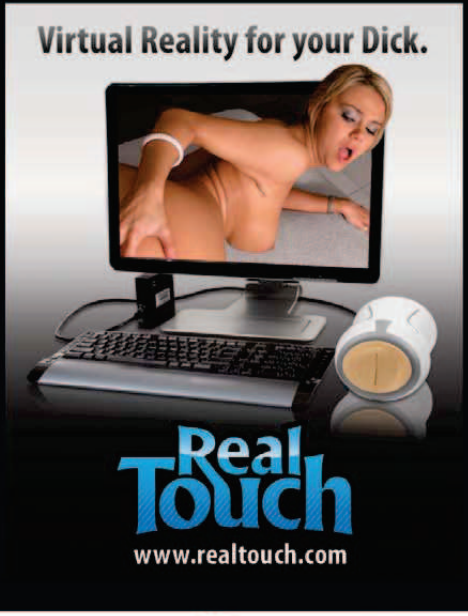

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"People here in the Bible Belt discourage modeling nude, but I say fuck 'em!"

"I come really hard when a big, thick cock is throbbing deep inside me."

HOLLY

"I'm a huge fan of Larry Flynt and all that he does," proclaims Holly, 27, an "outgoing, sexy and assertive country girl" from Murray, Kentucky. "I've always wanted to get published in his magazine—nude of course. The naked body is art to me." The 5-foot-0 bride-to-be and Harley aficionada paints a super self-portrait: "I love being the center of attention. I've flashed my tits at biker rallies, on top of buildings and at truckers while going down the road." Holly's other kicks include "running my cleaning business, helping people, cheeseburgers, Pink Floyd, Hank Williams Jr., [TV's] *Cake Boss* and high-quality porn," leading the "clean and sober" jezebel to truly come clean: "I love to have sex every night with lots of foreplay," she brazenly exults. "My fiancé says I give an awesome blowjob, and I come like crazy when he fucks me hard and deep from behind." Holly also points out, "I'm bisexual. I don't really believe that women know what women like, but they *are* a lot of fun! So's watching my wonderful man jerk off and letting him come all over my face." Holly, whose frivolous ambitions include "walking through my Bible Belt town naked" and "having two men at one time," shares a final revelation: "Despite lots of setbacks, I am now on my road to happy destiny and making my dreams come true thanks to a power greater than you or I." —Photos by Fiancé

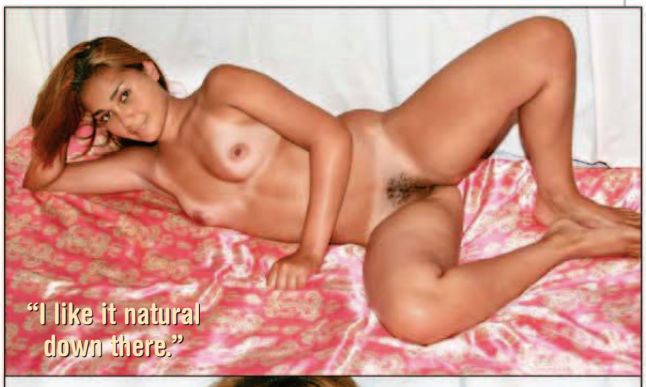
EDITED BY MORGEN "TEX" HAGEN

NOVEMBER

"Being in *Beaver Hunt* sounded like a crazy idea," this "straight, competitive and adventurous" chef from Lake Isabella, Michigan, starts off. "I was game! It's a turn-on for my husband too." Not to mention cooze connoisseurs as November, 41, spreads her self-professed best asset—"my legs because I'm 5-10"—and dishes out a passel of fancies. But fishing, hunting, Greek food and her fave TV shows (*Top Chef* and *Hell's Kitchen*) simply preface November's sex life: "I love giving and receiving head. I've been told I suck a mean cock! And when it comes to screwing, I'll take it any way I can as long as my lover hits the sweet spot!" November, who's cavorted in a lingerie store's dressing room and a theater balcony, hankers to meet musicians Robert Plant and Dave Matthews, quarterback Peyton Manning and celebrity chef Gordon Ramsay. She also has a meatier fantasy: "I want to have sex with my husband on the pool table of a packed swingers club!" —Photos by Husband

TIFFANY

"I'm funny, outgoing and spontaneous," asserts Tiffany, 19, a water park tour guide from Sunrise, Florida. "I make everything fun and interesting no matter what I'm doing or who I'm with." Although the 5-foot-5 neophyte's endeavors include "singing, dancing, rollerblading and watching *Family Guy*, *Futurama* and *That '70s Show* " on TV, nothing is more interesting than viewing a stark-naked dreamboat and hearing about her sexual demeanor. "I'm a big tease and flirt," Tiffany obliges us. "I'm straight, I like a good manhandling with a guy who knows what he's doing, and my fantasy is to have sex on one of the water slides where I work." —Photos by Friend



BEAVER HUNT SPOTLIGHT

SHANE

"I get off sharing my exhibitionist attitude with everyone," professes this 5-foot-10 personal trainer from Geneva, Ohio. "I love the fact guys will see me naked. I hope they do more than just look; I hope they fantasize." Shane, a zesty 38, labels herself as "outgoing, entertaining, bi, freaky and fun," which helps explain why she once streaked through Cleveland's Hard Rock Cafe. "I'm into everything from barhopping to hiking in the woods to sports," relates "still pretty limber" Shane, a cheerleader back in junior high and now a moonlighting G-string diva. "I also like watching *True Blood* and *Curb Your Enthusiasm.* Clothing is always optional." Of course, the statuesque newcomer can't curb her enthusiasm about what gets her kitty quivering to the max: "I have the best orgasms when I'm on top riding my guy." Guess who cracks the whip at Shane's place. —Photos by Friend

"Most of my bedroom fantasies involve fulfilling others' fetishes."

HOPE

"Some people around here believe a phantom Civil War soldier materializes now and then in Fink Creek," states this unbashful 29-year-old from Theresa Flynt*, Wisconsin. "But I'd rather materialize in HUSTLER. Let's face it: Wouldn't guys rather see a naked housewife than a ghost?" You bet, Hope. "I'm not ashamed of the way I look," the 5-foot-6 "eternal optimist" adds. "You only live once." That she does. Apart from raising a family, Hope savors "camping, skiing, football, roller-skating, fantasy films and dispensing sexual favors." How about dispensing a wild desire, sugar? "I want to see if that ghost shows up while I finally go skinny-dipping in Fink Creek this summer." —Photos by Hope

*April Fools! Hope's hometown wasn't named for Larry Flynt's daughter.

DAWN JULIO

"My boobs enter the room before I do," reckons this "strong, confident and a little eccentric" railroad conductor out of Klamath Falls, Oregon. "Showing 'em off in *Beaver Hunt* was on my bucket list. I've been marking off the sex-oriented ones pretty easily. I'll try anything twice, even spouse-swapping and fulfilling fantasies with my girlfriends. The first time might be a fluke." Dawn Julio, who'll be hitting the 33 mark in April, continues, "I prefer to be the dominant one almost to the point I should have been born male. Besides sex, crime shows and reading about old religions, I love guy stuff—fishing, hunting and working on cars." Before the 5-foot-7 "Southern girl at heart" choo-choos away, she muses, "I wonder if this is the year I do a train on my birthday." —Photos by Dawn Julio

BEAVER HUNT SPOTLIGHT

DANA & MARIE

"I love sex, posing naked and making dicks stand at attention," trumpets pink-bikini peeler Dana, 19, an "ambitious, energetic and romantic" coed from Kapaa, Hawaii. "I'm good in bed. Everyone wants seconds—even girls!" Putting that adage to the test, albeit on a bitchin' beach, is Marie, 22, a "nice to be around" coquette from Carlsbad, California. "Spreading my legs for HUSTLER readers just got better," chirps the "yummy" (according to Dana) darling. Eager to encore as chummy sidekicks, Dana and Marie have reminded us that only a foolish men's mag would forgo the time-tested adage "two bare Beavers are better than one." —Photos by Friend

"I like cocks, but being eaten out by a hot chick really rocks!"

"Marie and I agree: Being dirty is more fun when people get to watch!"

LINDSEY

"I enjoy being confident enough to be naked in HUSTLER," declares Lindsey, 27, a "loving, strong-willed and trustworthy" waitress from Anniston, Alabama. "This is a big accomplishment for me. I'm always up for doing things other people consider too crazy." But the 5-foot-6 "Gemini with many personalities" hasn't shunned low-key pastimes. "I like trying to beat my drummer boyfriend at video games, playing football and baseball, watching boxing and painting crafts," she details. "It's very relaxing. I also watch *House*—I dig the doctor's attribute, plus I'm into all that medical stuff—and *Friends*. Who doesn't love *that* show?" Now Lindsey, whose fave musical acts are topped by Slipknot and Carrie Underwood, shows off her tawdry side: "I love going down on a man when he's blindfolded. I love to be on top—yes, I prefer to be dominant—and I also love to have sex in front of other people. It's crazy wild. Like the time I got it on with an ex in front of my best friend and her guy—after I'd fucked the chick with a strap-on. That was a fun night. I guess my only fantasy is doing something even crazier. I can't wait!" —Photos by Friend

JUICY

"Sending off naked pictures for your *Beaver Hunt* contest is the wildest thing I've done since I had sex in the parking lot after a trip to Hurricane Harbor," marvels Juicy, 25, a customer service rep from Waco, Texas. "I'm cool to hang around it. I have a bubbly personality, and I'm always horny." Once a high-school cheerleader, the 5-foot-10 skin-mag rookie is a big fan of the Dallas Cowboys and a proud mouthpiece for all frisky fillies from the Lone Star State. "We're country, patriotic and like to please our men," the well-endowed working mom spouts. "My favorite ways are 69ing—I love playing the skin flute—and reverse cowgirl." Juicy, an MTV's *Real World* die-hard who watches porn "once in a while," harbors a preference-altering fantasy: "I'm straight, but I think about having sex with two girls at once in the woods." —Photos by Friend

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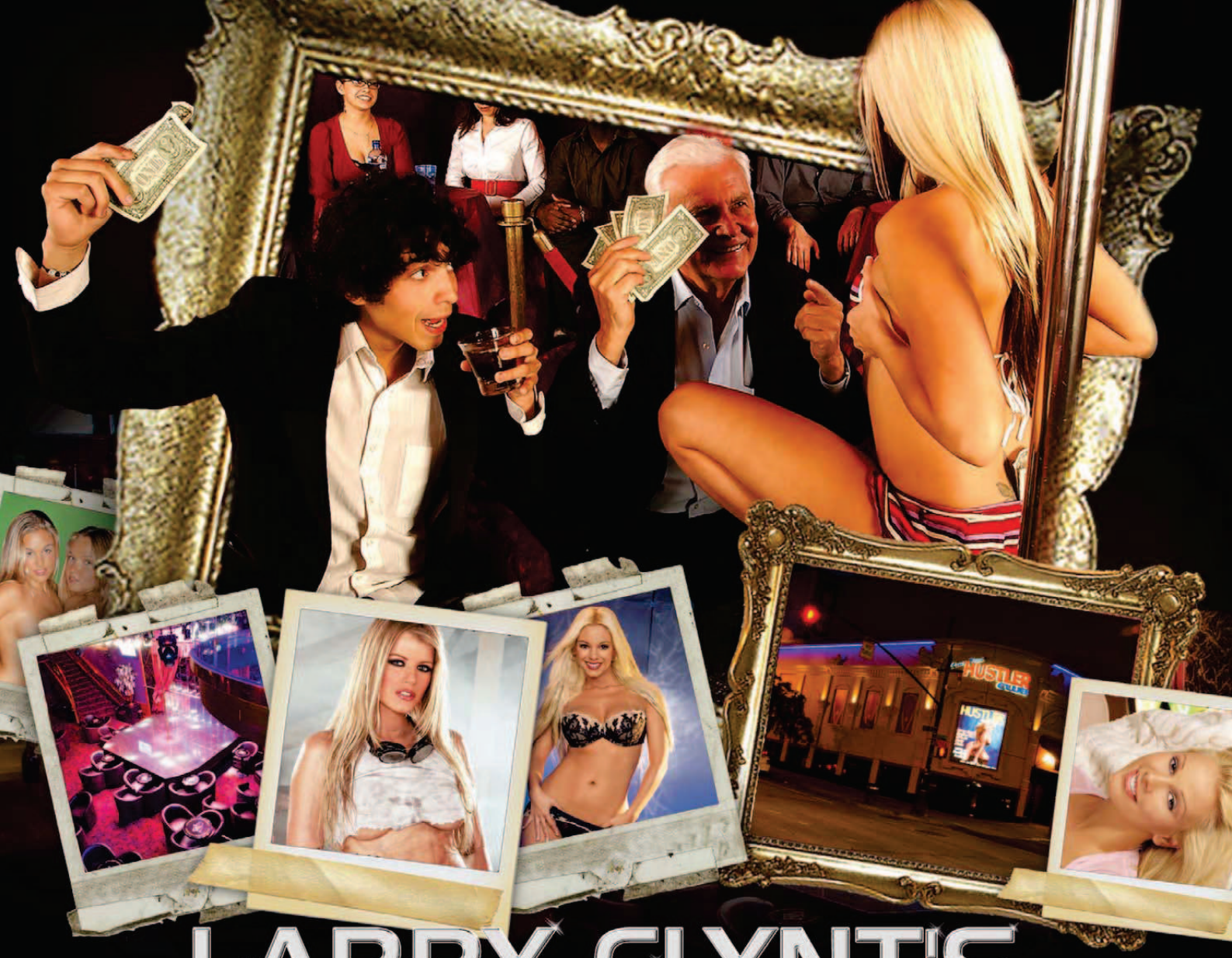

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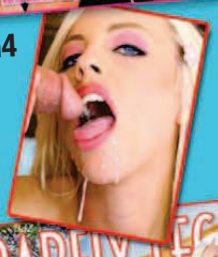

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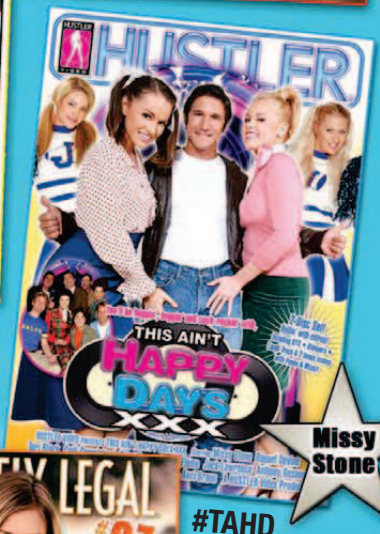

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"Hold it right there, mister. I'm a cop! Wait, forget I said that!"

KARIS CAINE

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JOSE LUIS

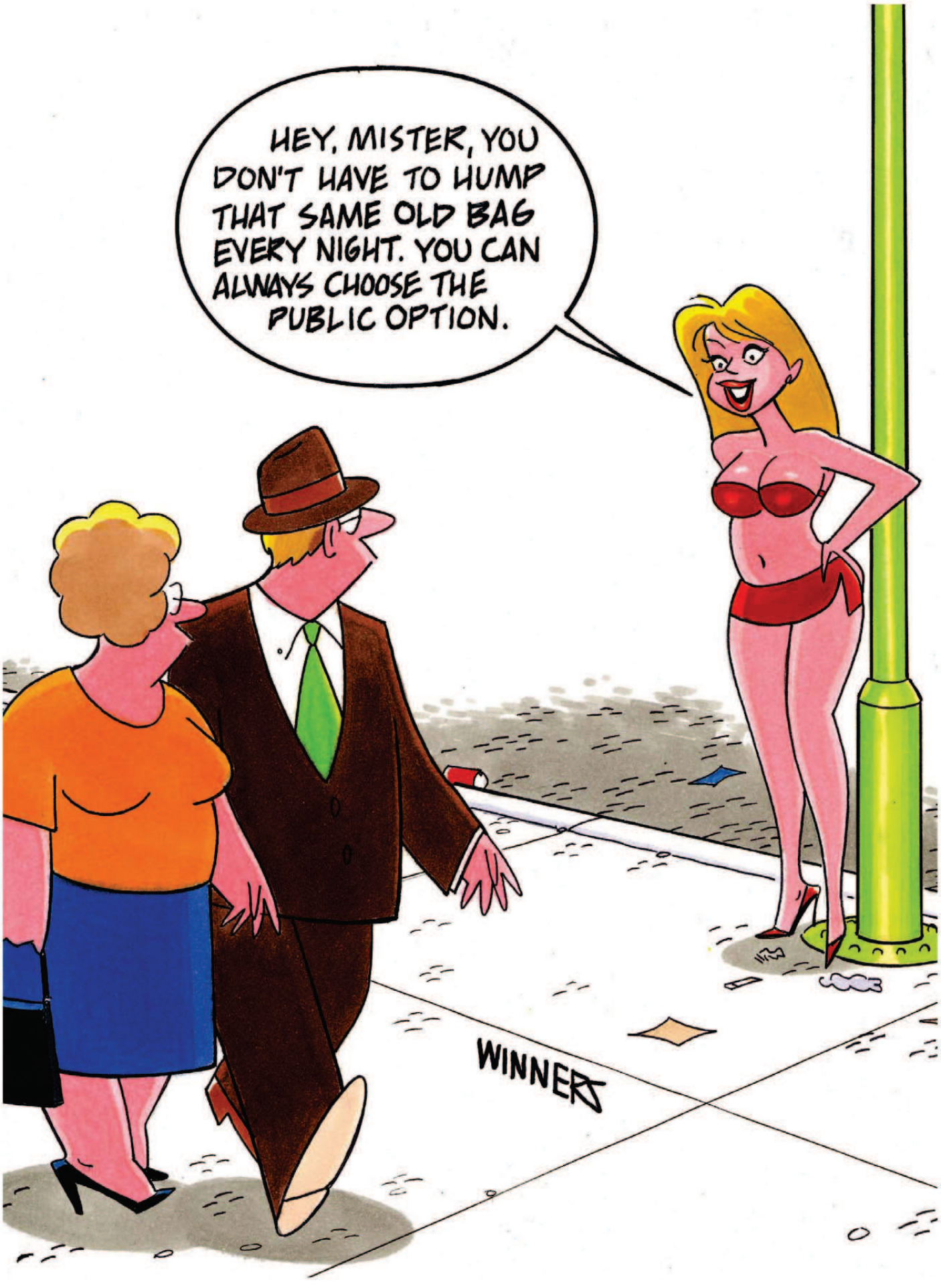
LOVE ACTUALLY

At the tender age of 21, **Karis Caine** already knows exactly what she wants out of life: “I want hot sex, fast cars and a big house with a white picket fence to share with a man I can count on and who isn’t jealous when I bring girls home to play with. I want a lot of money and all the latest gizmos and gadgets. I want a private plane and a personal chef who knows how to make a New York pizza. I want to be pampered and treated like a princess most times, except when I’m bad. Then I want to be spanked—hard. I want diamonds and designer clothes and celebrity friends. I want it all, and I want it now! But I guess I’d trade all the above for true love.”

Love, eh? “Yeah,” Karis continues. “Isn’t that really what we all want? Someone we don’t mind spending time with outside the bedroom but who makes us laugh and come. The perfect person to grow old with.”

KARIS CAINE'S VITAL FACTS: HOMETOWN: Decatur, Texas | AGE: 21 | BIRTH SIGN: Libra | HEIGHT: 5-10 | WEIGHT: 121

What will a guy get in exchange for that love? "Whatever he wants," Karis promises. "Seriously, when I fall for a guy, I become his total slave, and he becomes my addiction. I worship every inch of his body with my mouth and let him invade every other orifice. We become one big, sweaty ball of passion and pleasure. That's what I give for true love."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The May '10 issue goes on sale March 16, 2010. Visit our Web site at HustlerMagazine.com.

ZAFIRA

COMING NEXT

RENDEZVOUS WITH EURASIAN SEX KITTEN KATSUNI

Want to spend a day with a chick who is as reserved and eloquent as a poetry teacher? How about an exotic porn star whose résumé includes such lurid flicks as *Anal Worship*, *Slam It in Deeper!* and *Cumfucius*? As writer M. Allen Nathan discovers firsthand, you'll get both polar opposites rolled into one with cock-hungry Katsuni, France's greatest sexport since Brigitte Bardot.

MANCOW: THE BATAAN WEDDING MARCH

Lamenting the horrid plight of married men, radio personality Erich "Mancow" Muller likens matrimony to the ordeal of U.S. soldiers taken prisoner by the Japanese during World War II. Mancow's blistering assessment of "girlish little cuties" buttresses his "precious jewels of wisdom" on how to avoid women who "spin webs no spider ever knew."

WHAT OBAMA IS UP AGAINST

Investigative journalist Russ Baker chronicles how the military and CIA made Barack Obama's White House predecessors virtually powerless to reel them in. See why a Presidential candidate who championed sweeping change has been unable to withdraw our troops from Iraq and has increased deployments to Afghanistan.

TAKE IT OFF! A POTPOURRI OF BURLESQUE POSTERS

Long before dollar-bill-chasers unceremoniously ripped off their duds at titty bars, striptease artists electrified audiences at burlesque houses and cabarets. Embellishing the bump-and-grinders' legacy are the amazing ads and flyers that lured customers in. See for yourself as we showcase the sensational new book *Burlesque Poster Design: The Art of Tease*.

POWERHOUSE BASEBALL PREVIEW

Just in time for opening day comes HUSTLER's list of Major League Baseball teams that will surprise everyone during the 2010 pennant races. Our tip sheet also spotlights make-a-difference phenoms like the Pittsburgh Pirates' Andrew McCutchen and predicts which clubs will win their division or snare a wild card berth.

POKING UNGODLY FUN AT CARRIE PREJEAN

The beauty queen with one of recorded history's worst cases of foot-in-mouth disease finally gets to redeem herself in HUSTLER. No, Carrie Prejean is still a religious blowhard. However, starring in cartoonist Bob Muleady's hilarious spoof, the Christian hottie won't be thumping the Bible.

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